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# HARDINGS

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## History of the Harding Family

By  
Alena Brown Hartwell

1936

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# HARDING

1917-1921

History of the Harding Family

By  
Alfred D. Harding

1921  
The Harding Family  
and their descendants

1917

1917-1921

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History of the Harding Family  
1936

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History of the County of  
1891

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ALENA BROWN HARTWELL







## INTRODUCTION

**H**ISTORY is the drama of life. Biographies of those whose lives shine so brightly down the corridor of time, help us with our own problems.

Once the big adventure was going to the New World with dreams of wealth, adding glory to their country and spreading Christianity. The early pioneers, through their religious zeal and eccentricities, passed to us a better style of Christianity.

This book deals principally with the Stephen Harding line to which President Harding belonged. The writer, once a singer, derived information from many sources, family traditions and scanning the yellow pages in public and private libraries. Much information may have been lost in the Barnstable fire in 1836. The Hardings are versatile and have been called Vikings—leaders in progressive thought and action. They are in all walks of life and were on both sides of the War of Independence. The name was spelled four ways in an early deed.

In the history of families, the customs of the place and age—the schoolhouse, etc., influence the destiny of mankind. Noble qualities, with favorable crossings extend through generations, now and then shining



forth in their original splendor. The fine traits are often conferred by a mother to descendants of another name. We note the resemblance of one to the likeness of another and two people have been taken one for another whose common forbear lived three hundred years before.

It has been said that Lincoln inherited his intellectual gifts. Miss Kimball a genealogist claims that all the English speaking people are descended from Charlemagne and quotes many names that mean much to us, the line of descent passing through a series of nobility, allowing a younger or daughter's son to drop into the middle class or peasantry. Proven descendants of prominent lines include, George Washington, the Colonial aristocrat, Abraham Lincoln, the Commoner, George V., representing royalty. F. E. Parr, a New York State farmer, claims descent through twenty-seven or twenty-eight generations from both of Lady Isobel de Vermandois's husbands and another line, of William the Conqueror and King Alfred to the Wessex kings.





## CHAPTER I

### EARLY HARDING HISTORY

**H**ARDING is doubtless a Gothic word retained with only circumstantial difference in all Gothic dialects. It was extremely early in Europe. It existed in Germany, Scandanavia and Britain prior to the feudal system and the custom of permanent castles, and for many centuries before the adoption of surnames and the formation of dialects of Northern Europe. The Gothic centres and especially the Saxons seemed to have delighted in the word as though it had been the sobriquet of some successor of Wodin or son of Thor, or significant of such martial qualities as they most admired, or commemorative of some historical event in which they gloried.

For between the settlement of Hengist and Hosa in England, 467 A. D., and the conquest, they had given the name to seven or more localities in the South and Central parts of the kingdom. Domesday book written about 1086 A. D. mentions Hardinstone a town in Somersetshire, Hardentone in Oxfordshire, Hardenton in Warwickshire, Hardingstone and Hardingsliet Village





in Wolvertown and Hardinstones, and Hardingston in the west of England. These towns probably received their names in 600 A. D., when the Saxons began to erect towns and establish a form of feudalism which after 1068 was so mentioned upon the Conquest. These places have retained their names, for J. Adams, in his "Villares of England" published in 1680, mentions Hardingston, Hardingham, Hardingsdale, two Hardytons, three Hardings, four Hardens and twenty-nine Hardytons (a contraction of Hardinwick). These were the seats of one Earl, two Baronets, two Knights and about twenty-five gentlemen. The Normans, originally of one language with the Saxons, have lost their Hardinghir in France. The Danes have their Hardenburg, the Germans Hershborg, the Dutch Hardenberg. Ancient towns derived their names from castles and these probably from feudal lords who built them, which the towns in England took from their founders the Saxons, Thanes or members of the illustrious and heroic race of the Hardinjar, mentioned in the old Norse supposed to have been an Eastlying people of the Danes and Swedes, and from whom the author of *Patronimica Brittanica* derived the name of Harding. However Harden was a common name in England in A. D. 1086, for at that time Domesbook, in vulgar latin reports Hardens, Hardins, Hardinius, Hardineus, *filius* Elnodi Hardingus as proprietors for assigns of land. These might have been Norman wholly or in part, but were probably Saxon Thanes continued for the present in their previous possessions under the new regime of William the Conqueror. Of the orig-





inal meaning of the word we can find conjectures from the objects to which it was applied and the sense in which its presumed derivation has been retained. Canute I. of Denmark and Canute II, who figured in England after 1015 were by the Saxons, called Hardicanute, as in the sense of robust, as Hume supposes in the French *Hardi*, derived from the Normans, signifies boldness, daring, stouthearted, and in this sense is now employed by Danish authors as a foreign word, they having ignored the original in forming their language, or changed its orthography into “*haard*”, and restricted its signification. In the Swedish and Dutch languages we have “*hard*,” in the German “*hart*,” in Icelandic “*hardi*”, in the English “*hardy*”, denoting bold, heroic, silent, daring, resolute, intrepid and other words of analogous orthography and import which Webster and Worcester leave us to regard as branches from the root *Hardin*.

In the IIth century, *Harden* became a surname in circumstances evincing of destinction if not of noble rank. In *Abreviatio Rotularum Originalium* of the crown, in the reign of Henry III (1207-1272), Edward II and Richard I, among the grantees are *Walus* and *William de Harden* and *Thomas de Harden* of Norfolk. From these names *Harding*, *Hardinden* and *Harradon*, of New England, sprung. But claims of descent are doubtful in remote periods, and the fall and continuance of families that ensued. Armorial bearing supported by tradition would be suspicious, although the heredity use of arms was established and made general in the time of Henry VIII. Burke, in





his "General Armary", gives no less than fifteen distinct coat of arms by the name of Harding and Harden, several of which have simplicity enough to have been displayed in the Holy wars A. D. 1091-1291, when heraldry was in its infancy. The same author, in his "Landed Gentry," mentions a family at Baraset, Stafford-on-Avon, Galme, who originated from the house of Arden of Longcroft in Staffordshire and who boasted of Saxon blood and distinction for a century before the Conquest, deriving direct descent from Seward de Arden, eldest son of Turchill de Warwick, who over three hundred years ago adopted the orthography of Harding. Another family who had their seat at a very early period at Comb Martin in Devonshire, derived their descent from Fitz (son of Harding). Of this family was the learned Thomas Harding D. D. and Lady Gorges wife of Sir Robert Gorges and ancestor of the New England Hardings. Their arms:- Arg. (silver) on a bend. Azure, three martlets (gold) crest—a falcon displayed proper. This coat of arms was given by Henry III. to William Harding (gent) of manor Arden in Longcroft, Staffordshire, for an exploit at the Battle of Wersham which resulted in the defeat and death of Earl Simon de Montford and established King Henry in power. An original drawing of the above coat of arms was reproduced by the daughters of the American revolution and presented to Abigail Harding, of Ohio, sister of President Harding.

There were the Haradens of Ireland, and Lancaster England, and the family of Nicholas Hardinjar of



the County of Derby of the time of Henry VIII, who claim to be the same branch as Richard Harding, who for a naval exploit, was created a Baronet with a complicated coat of arms. Rev. Charles Harding of this line, was created a Baronet later.

The Normans were descended from Scandinavians. In the 10th century, the Normans (a form of the word Northmen) settled in France and called their country Normandy.





## CHAPTER II

### CANUTE (KNOWTE) AND HARDICANUTE

**H**ARDING is one of the many surnames taken from the first name. An English authority tells us the name is derived from two words "here" meaning an army, and "ing" a place of encampment.

The Danish language goes back thousands of years into the mists of antiquity and runic inscriptions are preserved to our day on monuments, rocks and coins, etc. The Danes, noted for their expeditions by sea, were the first to learn the art of sailing on the wind. Denmark's many islands made them good navigators and they sailed seas of four hundred miles without a compass. There were Danish settlements in England as early as the 8th century. Thinking the Danes were plotting against him, Aethelred in 1000, ordered massacre of the Danes, and King Swend's sister was killed. Swend and Gunold invaded the coast of Devonshire to avenge the death of his sister and countrymen and later peace was declared. The marriage of Aethelred and Emma, daughter of the Norman Duke Richard, in 1002, was the beginning of events which led to the Norman Conquest. The Danes, a race of people of yellow hair and blue eyes are naturally happy, independent, educated and industrious. The Danish Conquest of England by Swegen, king of the North, in which the Norwegian king, Olaf Tryggvesson, had a share





was brief. Swegen died and his younger son chosen for his successor. Canute, king of Denmark and England, was only nineteen years of age and found a rival for the crown King Aethelred, who was recalled by the English from Normandy, and Canute was obliged to withdraw from the country. In the summer of 1015, Canute returned at the head of a vast Danish armament, and compelled the submission of most of England. Aethelred died and his son, Edmund Ironside, became the representative of the old English line. A double election ensued. Edmund supported almost solely by London. The Witan of the rest of England decided upon Canute. In 1016 after having fought in five pitched battles, Canute succeeded in overthrowing Edmund, at Assandun. In Denmark, Swegen was succeeded by his elder son, Harold, and Canute was at first ruler of England only.

Canute was a Christian king, having been baptized in the course of the English wars. His laws were needful in his day, repressing disorder. In Denmark he completed the conversion of that kingdom which had begun in the time of his father. He governed England like a native Englishman, enforcing the old English laws and enacting wise new ones, and was interested in every way in the welfare of his subjects. He attended to the interests of the church, though it had been one of the great centers of resistance to Danish Invasions. Canute raised Englishmen such as Earl Godwin, to the highest posts in his government. His newly-born religious zeal led him like Aethelwulf to make the pilgrimage to Rome from which place he wrote to his





English subjects. Emma, the widow of Aethelred, entered into a second marriage with Canute, although he must have been younger than she. Her sons, Aethelred, Aelfred, and Edward, were brought up in the Norman court of Duke Richard. Shortly after his installation on the English throne, Canute superceded his brother Harold, on that of Denmark; he repelled an attack of the Wands on his dominions there, and a ratification in those early days of the Danish frontier from the Emperor of Germany. His reign was one of unprecedented peace and order during which it recovered from the ravages and misgovernment of the generation preceding. Though unsuccessful at first in an invasion of Norway, he added that kingdom to his empire in 1028, and was one of the most powerful and respected rulers of Christendom. Canute kept peace with Richard of Normandy, but Richard's son Robert threatened an invasion of England, on behalf of his cousins. Robert died on his famous pilgrimage. In the same year Canute died (1035) at Shaftesbury, in the twentieth year of his reign, in the prime of life. He preserved a just and pious government and was determined to make amends for the faults of his early years and left a happy memory of himself among the people. The well known rebuke made by Canute to his flattering courtiers is recalled in the lines of Thackery, also found in Monroe's fifth reader, a school book published in 1872. Canute named for his successor to the throne of England and Denmark, Hardicanute, his son by Emma, at the time under king in Denmark and who was favored by Godwine and the West Saxons in the dispute that followed. Marcia and Northumberland wanted





Harold, Canute's son by Algiva of Northampton. The Witenagemot, which met at Oxford, favored a division of government. Hardicanute refused to come to England under the conditions as a non-resident king was not very popular just then. Harold (Harefoot) became king of England, in 1035, after the refusal of Hardicanute. Harold is said to have cruelly treated Alfred, the son of Aethelred, who, it is thought, came to England for the purpose of claiming the sovereignty, and he banished Queen Emma from the kingdom. Harold's reign was short. He died in 1040. While Hardicanute was preparing to do battle for the crown, a message reached him at Bruges making him an offer of the crown. The offer was sincere and not from any threat. But he did not forget his former slight, and he had the body of his half brother Harold removed from the place of sepulchre, at Westminster (Harthacanute) sent for his half brother, Aetheling Aedward, son of Emma, to be a prince at the court. Harold and Hardicanute were not much like their father and both their reigns were short. Hardicanute was seized with an epileptic fit while attending the marriage feast of one of his thegns and died a few days later, on June 8, 1042. There was still a Danish party, whose candidate was Swegen, a nephew of Canute, son of his sister Estrich, who afterwards was a good king of Denmark. The English wanted one of the old kingly stock of the West Saxons and chose the rather unwilling candidate, Aetheling Aedward, son of Ethelred, over the head of Swegen, the direct heir, who seemed to them a foreigner but was not really as much so as Edward, who was brought up in Normandy. But





this was the end of the Danish rule in England. Since that time England has been a United kingdom.

#### KING CANUTE AND THE TIDES

King Canute was weary-hearted he had reigned for years a  
score,  
Battling, struggling, pulling, fighting, killing much and rob-  
bing more;  
And he thought about his actions, walking by the wild sea-  
shore.

On that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old and  
young;  
Thrice his grace had yawned at table when his favorite glee-  
men sung.  
Once the queen would have consoled him, but he bad her hold  
her tongue.

"Something ails my gracious master," cried the keeper of the  
seal,  
Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served at dinner, or the veal?"  
"Pshaw" acclaimed the angry monarch, "keeper," 'tis not  
that I feel

"'Tis the heart, and not the dinner, fool that doth my rest im-  
pair:  
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no care?  
O, I'm sick and tired and weary." Some one cried, "The  
King's arm-chair!"

Then towards the lackeys turning, quick, my lord the keeper  
nodded,  
Straight the king's great chair was brought him, by two foot-  
men able-bodied  
Languidly he sank upon it; it was comfortably wadded.

"Ah, I feel," said old king Canute "that my end is drawing  
near."  
"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to  
squeeze a tear)  
Sure your grace is strong and lusty, and may live this fifty  
year."

"Live these fifty years" the Bishop roared with actions made  
to suit,

This was the end of the first part of the story. The first part had been a long and interesting one.

# THE SECOND PART

Now we come to the second part of the story. It was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us.

The first part of the second part was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us.

"Now we come to the second part of the story," said the narrator. "It was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us."

"The first part of the second part was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us."

Now we come to the second part of the story. It was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us.

"Now we come to the second part of the story," said the narrator. "It was a very interesting one, and it was full of many things that were new and strange to us."

This was the end of the second part of the story. The second part had been a long and interesting one.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of King Canute!  
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can compete?  
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon their feet;  
Surely he could raise the dead up, did his highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the hill,  
And the while he slew the foeman, bid the silver moon stand still?  
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us good Sir Bishop?" Canute cried:  
"Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly ride?  
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the tide.

Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the sign?"  
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my Lord, are thine."  
Canute turned towards the ocean. "Back" he said, "thou foaming brine!

From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;  
Venture not, thou stormy rebel to approach thy master's feet!  
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder deeper roar  
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling, sounding on the shore;  
Back the Keeper and the bishop, back the King and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them nevermore to bow to human clay,  
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas obey;  
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

THACKERY.

The Pusey estate, 900 years old, in Oxfordshire, re-





cently for sale, is perhaps the only remaining estate which was held by "cornage" which dates back to early English history. When Canute was fighting against Ethelred (Unready) and his son, Edmund Ironside, William Pewse, in disguise, took news of the Saxons to Canute, who was encamped at Cherbury Camp, the old earth works of which can be seen at the Pusey estate. Canute was so grateful for being saved from an attack by surprise that he gave a horn to Pewse, and with it a grant of the surrounding land as far as the horn could be heard. This horn, 2½ feet long, formed the title of the land, is still in possession of the family, although deeds have replaced the horn, which was later mounted with a silver band of fifteenth century workmanship and on it engraved:

*"King Knowde gave William Pewse,  
Thys horne to hold by thy lands."*

The horn was produced in 1861 before the noted Judge Jeffreys. In the grounds of Pusey House, is a black walnut tree. Only two are said to exist in England. There is also a plane tree 1000 years old.

#### ST. STEPHEN HARDING

St. Stephen Harding, the English saint, Abbot of Citeaux and founder of the Cisterian Order, was born before the Norman Conquest. He was of noble birth and was brought up from a boy and attended the Abbey School in the monastery of Sherborne in Dorsetshire. He is said to be the son or kinsman of Harding de Mariot or Harding Fitz Elnod Meriott in Somersetshire, which is about twelve miles distant from the Abbey School, where St. Stephen attended. Harding de Mer-





riet appears in Domesday book (1086) as holding a good deal of land about Lopen Crewberne, though not eminent like his father. If Robert Fitz Harding of Bristol was son of Harding Fitz Elnod, St. Stephen Harding would be collateral ancestor of the Lords of Berkeley who held Berkeley castle for seven hundred years and played a big part in English history. St. Stephen Harding left the convent at Sherborne to complete his education elsewhere. He made a pilgrimage to Rome. He visited Scotland in 1070 and was received by Malcolm III, who married Margaret, grandniece of Edward the Confessor, in 1068. St. Stephen then visited France, and it is thought he was returning to England. While on his pilgrimages he came upon an isolated and picturesque place and was so taken with it he decided to establish a monastery there. He lived to advanced years and died on the 28th of March, 1134, away from his native land.

#### JOHN HARDING 1378—1465

John Harding, an early rhymeing chronicler, wrote a history of England of early times, up to the reign of Edward IV. It was the custom at that time to place children of gentle birth at the court of some nobleman, to be a page perhaps, or to remain for an indefinite period to learn religion, a knowledge of bearing arms, and the refinements of society. John Harding was admitted at the age of twelve to the family of Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland. He saw his patron, Sir Henry Percy and the Earl of Worcester fall in battle. He was a volunteer in the service of Henry V. He wrote a history for Richard Duke of York but after his death presented it to





Richard's son, Edward IV. John Harding was entrusted with important missions in Scotland where he spent more than three years and received a pension for services. His map of Scotland is in the Bodleian Library. After the death of his patron, he in 1403 enlisted under the banner of Sir Robert Umfraville, of Kyme castle, and later of Castle Warworth, with whom he had fought at Homildon. He was also with Sir Robert at Herfleur, and with the Duke of Bedford in the sea fight of the Seine. Harding was expected to get as reward for his services, the Manor Gedyngton, Northamptonshire, but his king died and he lost his reward. In his pilgrimages he indulged his taste for literature and had access to rare books, including those in libraries at Rome. His worldly possessions were small in the evening of his life, but he derived much consolation from his books and memories of a long life. He died at the age of eighty-seven years having seen much history in the making. His history, reproduced in the archives of the Boston Public Library, tells little of his ancestors or his immediate family, more than that he was descended from a respectable Northern family.

THOMAS HARDING 1512—1572

Thomas Harding, D. D., the reformer, was born in Baconton, Devonshire, in 1512, and educated at the town school near Winchester. He became a fellow at New College, Cambridge, where he was A. B., in 1536 and A. M., in 1542. Afterwards he was appointed professor in history, by Henry VIII. He was chaplain to Henry Gray, Marquis of Dorchester and subsequently Duke of Suffolk. He was zealous in the reign of Edward IV., but less so after his death. When Mary





ascended the throne he became prebend of the Archbishop of Salisbury. After the accession of Elizabeth he was, in 1559, deprived of his treasureship. Relinquishing his other spiritualities he went to Braham, Nouvain, settled there and was an assistant of the Protestant faith. He maintained a controversy with John Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury. He was a learned man, and died on September 16th, 1572, and was buried in the church of St. Gertrude, Louvain.





### CHAPTER III

#### MARY ARDEN SHAKESPEARE

(mother of Shakespeare)

**M**ARY Arden (Harding), mother of William Shakespeare, was the daughter of Robert Arden, of the great and ancient Warwickshire family of Arden, whose members filled posts of high sheriff and Lord-lieutenant of the county. Mary Arden inherited the traditions of gentle birth and good breeding. Her ancestors are traced back to Norman and Anglo-Saxon times. From the provision of her father's will it is clear that she was the favorite of his seven daughters. She married John Shakespeare, father of the immortal poet.

The name Shakespeare, (Shaxsper, Shakspere and Shakespeare) is found in the Midland counties two centuries before the birth of the poet and scattered so widely that it is hard to fix the locality of the original or trace its progress. Several facts seem to indicate that the first of the family entered Warwickshire from the North and West and may have migrated from the neighboring places. The name is thoroughly English and is given by Camden and Verstegan as an illustration of the construction of surnames introduced into England in the thirteenth century. It is quite likely that some hardy borderers who fought successfully in the English ranks may have received or assumed a designation that would help perpetuate the memory of





their martial prowess. Families bearing the name are found during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in the Arden district, especially at Wroxhall and Rowington—some being connected with the priory of Wroxhall, while more than twenty, in the fifteenth century, belonged to the Guild of St. Ann, at Knoll, near Rowington. In this Guild or College are found names of the best families, such as Ferrerses of Tamworth and the Clintons of Colehill. John and Joan Shakespeare, entered on the Knoll register, in 1527, may have been the parents of Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, whose sons gave their families the favorite names.

All great men owe much to their mothers. Shakespeare's mother early recognized the genius of her son. Burke's Landed Gentry tells us the Ardens, or Hardings, were descended from Alvin, Saxon Earl of Warwick, of the time of Edward, the Confessor. Alvin's son Turhatil, deprived of his earldom by William of Normandy, returned to the forest Arden and took the name of Arden. His great, great grandson, Robert Arden of Drayton, was grandfather to Margaret Arden, who married a Grenville and eventually became the Earl of Warwick,—after the War of the Roses.

Arden is said to be derived from the Celtic, Ard, (high or great) and den (wooded valley). There are supposed to have been Celtic tribes in North and South Warwickshire before Norman occupation. Fierce battles raged on the Wilcomb Hills before the Celts made way to Saxons in the Sixth century. Egwin, third bishop of Worcester, obtained from Ethelred, King of Mercia the monastery of Stratford (3000 acres) in 691, on the present site of the church. Warwickshire seemed





not to have suffered from Danish invasion and there are legends of Northen vikings, on friendly terms, hawking and hunting in the forest Arden at the time of the second Danish invasion, in the Tenth century.

John Shakespeare, son of Richard, was a tenent of Robert Arden, son of Thomas Arden, who was second son of Walter Arden of Park Hill, sixteenth in descent from the Saxon sheriff, Alwin. Robert Arden married, secondly, Agnes Webb, widow of John, who left her with a son and daughter. The Wilcomb property was eventually owned by Mary Shakespeare. An account of furnishings of the Hall was in the will of Robert Arden, her father.

John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was originally a glover by trade, and afterwards a butcher and wool-stapler. By his industry, he acquired some wealth and within six years of coming to Stratford he held public office and obtained supreme municipal honors,—being elected high-bailiff at Michaelmas, in 1568. While chief magistrate of the borough and on his marriage to Mary Arden, he obtained a grant of arms from the Herald's College, and was allowed to impale his own achievement with that of the ancient family of the Ardens. In one deed John Shakespeare's property was declared to be worth Five hundred pounds, but in 1574 his affairs were altered and after employing expedients to relieve his necessities which only aggravated them, he at length fell into such poverty that he was obliged to give security for a debt of five pounds. And a distress issuing from the seizure of his goods was returned: "Joh'es Shakspere nihil habot unde dist." (John Shakspere has no effects on which





a distraint can be levied). In 1597 he describes himself as "of very small wealth and very few friends." His fortunes seemed to have fallen into decay with his native town, owing to the loss of trade they had once had in clothing and making of yarn, employing a number of poor people. In a public document, in 1564, only seven could write their names, out of nineteen signatures. John Shakespeare died in 1601. Mary died in 1608.

John and Mary Shakespeare had eight children, four sons and four daughters, Lorie, Margaret, William, Gilbert, Jane, Anne, Richard and Edmund. Lorie and Margaret died in infancy. Anne died in childhood. Of Gilbert little is known but the register of his baptism.

Mary Shakespeare's first two children died before the birth of the poet and for more than two years William, the first-born son, remained the only child of his parents.

His father's affairs were at this time prosperous and former Mary Arden saw to it that the boy had all the advantages suitable to his age and to the family of a foremost Stratford Burgess. Healthy outdoor recreation was a part of the boy's education, which would include the sports and recurring festivals of the town and neighborhood; celebrations of the forest farms, and incidents of the agricultural year. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, brought with it festivities and rural spectacles, which made a lasting impression on the youthful, observing mind of Shakespeare.

Jane Shakespeare, who was mentioned with much





kindness in her illustrious brother's will, married a Mr. Hart, a hatter of Stratford. She died in 1646, leaving three sons, whose descendants were to be found in Stratford. In 1794, Shakespeare's house in Healy Street belonged to Thomas Hart, sixth in descent from Jane. Richard, according to the parish register, was buried in 1602. Edmund Shakespeare, probably through his brother's connection with the theatre, became an actor at the Globe theatre, lived at St. Saviour's, Southwork, and was interred in the churchyard of that parish, on the 31st of December, 1607. Anne died at the age of 8 years, before Edmund was born. Edmund died a few months before his mother.

Rev. Stephen Harding was rector of Trinity Church in Stratford, at the time Shakespeare was buried, as shown by a record on a brass tablet in the church. Samuel Harding, son of Robert, published a book in 1640. George Prefect Harding painted forty-eight brasses in Westminster Abbey; also painted Flora McDonald, Earl of Oxford, Henry Carey, Viscount Faulkland, William Camden, Sir Thomas Browne, Henry VIII., Emperor Charles V., Sir Robert Dudley, Queen Katherine of Aragon, Sir William Russell, Sir Aubrey Brown, Viscount Montaguem, Margaret Cavendish, and others.

Sylvester Harding 1745-1809, was an engraver and illustrator of Shakesperian characters. James Duffield Harding, 1798-1863, lithographer, made views of Pompei on stone, sketches of Italy, France and Switzerland, and designs of ornamental villas, lodges and park gates. He was the author of *Plastic Arts*, in London.





## CHAPTER IV.

### DE GORGES AND HARDINGS

**I**N 1605, Captain Weymouth, while exploring the coast of Maine succeeded in getting five Indians to return with him to England. Sir Fernando De Gorges, a rich nobleman, took the Indians, who were a great novelty, into his home and hired tutors in English for them. Their wonderful tales so fired the imagination of De Gorges that he decided to plant a colony in the New World. He received a grant of land covering everything from the Hudson to Cape Breton. In 1614, Captain John Smith and the beautiful Pocahontas, who afterwards saved his life, came to Maine and sent a sketch of what is now Old Orchard to Sir Fernando De Gorges, in England, who in 1616 outfitted a crew of 32 under Captain Vimes. He established the first New England colony, with neighbors at Jamestown. De Gorges also had a part in the Virginia Company. There were several families living on the banks of the Saco, in 1623. There is a tradition of the waters at Old Orchard Beach having healing qualities. On the old maps, Old Orchard was known as Roger's Gardens.

De Gorges had at first planned to call what is now Maine, New Somersetshire. A representative took out a charter for the first New England city in 1642, under King Charles, calling the place Gorgiana. Ten years later when the charter was revoked the name of Gor-





giana was replaced by York. A ferry boat named for De Gorges was recently running at Bath. The early charters relating to Maine and to a collection of individuals, are confusing. However, in 1677, Maine was bought from the heirs of Sir Ferdinando De Gorges. The old goal, now a museum, like the homes, has furniture, glass and documents representing Colonial days.

In 1623, Captain Robert Gorges (late of the Venetian wars) son of Fernando De Gorges, of Redlinch, Somerset, having received from the council of New England, the appointment of Governor General of the whole county and a grant of a tract of four miles wide on Massachusetts Bay, extending thirty miles into the interior, arrived with his wife, Lady Mary, (daughter of William Harding), kinsman, and a clergyman of the church of England, and sundries passengers and families, intending to form a plantation at Wassagussett, later Weymouth, and part of Braintree, already abandoned by Weston's people. So in the rose-light of romance and adventure, came the first Hardings to New England, whose descendants today are scattered from sea to sea. Here at Weymouth was the first seat of the Hardings and we find these lines in the elder De Gorges' account of the Early Plymouth Plantation: "I adventured the life of one of my sons who is now there, with other of his kinsmen, 'Our Own Mary,' with many other, private friends, to advance the cause."

Early Weymouth is quaintly described by a historian as "an elder sister town, battered with brinish billows on the east, rocks and swamps to the southwest,





delightful to the nimble, tripping deers as the plowable places of meadow is to the inhabitants." The colony that had been there before the De Gorges colony had gone, taking their minister with them after becoming somewhat divided on religion.

There were stormy times in England at the time De Gorges planted his colony in New England and so many wanted to come that restrictions were put upon them. Sir Fernando knew this and in consultation, gave his approval "so far as it was not against the interest of his son now there." Affairs were rather complicated when Captain Gorges and the adorable Lady Mary (Harding) De Gorges returned to England. John Winthrop and associates came in 1630 with the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, granted by Charles I. This was unusual, as the charter of a colony remained in England and the officials were expected to remain at home and govern by Deputy. The Puritans ignored the claims of De Gorges, who, while pressing his claims, went to compare his grant with that of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and found that the charter had crossed the sea. The colony was preparing for "any war that might prevail" and De Gorges knowing that nothing but force of arms would avail, built a warship which was destroyed in launching and De Gorges abandoned his dreams of empire.

After the tax list began we find the Hardings retaining property granted to De Gorges, long after Braintree was made a part of Boston, even though the claims of DeGorges were ignored. A book published in London, 1658, by Sir Ferdinando De Gorges,





was issued by his grandson, Ferdinando De Gorges, who added much to the account of the undertaking of the English Colony at Plymouth.

Beyond any vision of De Gorges and Hardings and their descendants ruling over vast domains in the New World, was the reality of 300 years later, when Warren G. Harding, elected President by the largest majority ever, returned to the scenes of his ancestors. The greatest event since the landing of the Pilgrims was the visit of President Harding on the first day of August, 1921. The thunder of cannon could be heard for miles, announcing the arrival of the President's yacht, *Mayflower*, anchored near the Tercentenary ship, replica of the old *Mayflower*. Plymouth, England, was represented. At night the sky was illuminated by searchlights from the allied warships and lights of the Pilgrim Pageant. The President and party witnessed a pictorial view of the history of the nation, of which he was chief. A former governor of Massachusetts was there, Calvin Coolidge, not knowing that he so soon would be President, following the sudden death of President Harding.





## CHAPTER V

### EARLY HARDINGS IN AMERICA

**J**OHN Harding (1567-1637) was the ancestor in England of the first New England Hardings who came with Governor Gorges in 1623. He died at the age of seventy years. A copy of John Harding's will is recorded at Barnstable, Devonshire, in England, in which property is left to his brother William (father of Lady Gorges) and sons, Richard, Amos, John, Joseph, Lemuel and Oliver. Lady Gorges had been spoken of as "heir" in a will which was the customary way to speak of a woman without brothers.

After the De Gorges party arrived in America, there were listed among the passengers, Richard Harding and infant son, John Harding and two young sons and Joseph Harding. These three brothers Richard, John and Joseph were cousins of Lady Gorges. All these so closely associated with the old colony at Weymouth and Braintree, further proved their near relationship by naming their first born son John, indicating John as their forbear in common.

Other early Hardings in America were Captain Robert Harding who came with Governor Winthrop in 1630. He took the freeman's oath in 1634 and was later a selectman in Boston. He married a daughter of Governor Wyllis of Connecticut and lived in Rhode Island. He returned to England. William Harding left the New Haven colony, in 1642, on account of religious belief. George Harding lived in Marblehead, 1640; Thomas Harding recorded in Boston, 1656; embarked





there for St. Christophers. Margery Harding, age twenty, embarked at London about 1635 for Barbadoes and St. Christophers. Edward Haraden of Ipswich 1651 and Gloucester, 1658, was a mariner and farmer. Richard Haraden of Reading, 1666, name spelled different ways. His family settled in Malden, Wilmington and Stoddard, N. H. Philip Harding, or Hardy, of Boston and Marblehead died in 1679.

“Richard Hardin of Brantry,” spelled Hardier, in his will, lived in the south part of Braintree, near Weymouth Landing, the ancient Wassagusset, where Governor Gorges planted his colony in 1623. His grant, which he held direct from De Gorges, was respected when Braintree became part of Boston. There is no record or title of homestead or lot, but the property was recorded in 1633 when the tax rates began. He took the freeman’s oath which implied church membership, in 1648, the same time as William Needham, Samuel Bass, of Braintree and John Staples, of Weymouth. His will, made in 1657, left his estate to his second wife, Elizabeth. His son John, by his first wife, was previously made provision for. Elizabeth Harding, widow of Richard, left the estate to their only daughter Lydia, who married Martyn Saunders in 1654. Inventory shows house, houselot, twelve acres of upland, five do., meadow, cattle, furniture, pewter and brass. There was no mention of agricultural implements so he was probably a mariner. Legacies were also left to the granddaughter, Elizabeth, to be received at the age of eighteen, or at marriage, and to Johua Kent’s three daughters, John and Joseph Kent, Benjamin Thomp-





son and John Day. The name Richard is found occasionally in the family.

John Harding, of Weymouth, took the freeman's oath in 1640. He removed to Gloucester, bought four acres of land and houselot in 1662 and another in 1665 and was selectman of the town. He sold this property in 1666 and returned to Weymouth. In 1682 he drew land in the common lot of the first division, assigned by Governor Gorges in 1623. He died in Weymouth, and left his estate to his sons, his widow Mary, and granddaughter Mary, who married John Whitmarsh, by whom the estate was administered,—consisting of house, barn, land in common lot of first division, thirty-one acres in second division, one acre of salt meadow at Burying Island, one one-half do. in Back River, twelve acres in Ragged Plain, a swamp; books, cattle, etc.

Joseph Harding died in Plymouth leaving only personal property to his widow Martha (Doane) Harding. The will was administered by James Hurst, Francis Cook and John Doane. Joseph Harding's two sons, John and Joseph were entrusted to the care of Mrs. Hardings brother, Deacon John Doane, who removed from Plymouth to Duxbury and in 1664, to Eastham. When the boys reached majority they returned to Braintree to occupy their patrimonial estate, of which they were not deprived, by either the ignoring of the claims of Governor Gorges or the granting of Braintree to Boston and assignment of land. John, the oldest son of Joseph, was born about 1624 and was able to bear arms in 1642. He married Hannah—and had





Sarah, who married John Tower of Hingham in 1669, and John, who married in 1707 and removed to Bridgewater.

Joseph, youngest son of Joseph Harding, after completing his minority with Deacon Doane, at Eastham, came to Braintree, 1650. He married Bethiah Cook, in 1660, daughter of Josiah and Elizabeth Cook, of Eastham, formerly of Plymouth and one of the grantees of Little Compton. Joseph became early a citizen of Eastham. His children were, Martha, born 1662, married Samuel Brown in 1682; Mary, born 1665; Joseph, born 1667; Josiah, born 1669; Maziah (Amaziah), born 1671, married Hannah Rogers; John, born 1673, died 1697; left estate to Susannah; Nathaniel, born 1674, married Hannah Collins; Joshua, born 1676, married Sarah Smith, in <sup>1706</sup>1707; Abiah, born 1679, married Rebecca Young, 1713; Samuel, born 1685, married Elizabeth Eldred in 1707 and died in 1735.

Perhaps the most famous of this line was Captain Seth Harding, who, in 1776, had command of the Brigantine "Defiance" and captured three transports with a regiment of troops on board, also ammunition and supplies. In 1777, he sailed in the Oliver Cromwell, a vessel of twenty guns and took a British merchant brigantine; the cargo sold for \$10,692. He later captured a Weymouth brig of fifteen guns. Captain Seth Harding was born in 1734, at Eastham, Cape Cod, the son of Theodore Harding. In 1771, he went to Nova Scotia and at Liverpool had a big Salmon Fishery and traded with the West Indies. While there he was a member of the government assembly, Justice of the





Peace, Justice of the court of Common Pleas for Queen's County till 1775. He gave up his business and moved to Norwich Landing. He married first Abigail Doane, of Eastham, in 1753 and they lived in Harwich. His second wife was Ruth Reed. There was one daughter. The navy commanders of the Revolutionary war are not as well known as those on land and it is interesting to know that a book was published in 1930, written by James L. Howard, which includes Captain Seth Harding's journal; his correspondence with Governor Trumbull and pictures in colors. There were many sea captains in this line, including Gideon Harding, born 1765 at Eastham, died at sea on his own craft; Nathaniel Harding, born in Truro, 1798, a shipmaster. There was Captain Amos Harding, born 1790; Captain Isiah, his grandson,—master of a steamship running out of New York. Captain Jonathan Harding, born before 1800, died in Martinique.

Rev. Theodore Seth Harding, nephew of Captain Seth Harding and son of Theodore and Martha (Knowles) Harding, was born in 1772, the youngest child of his parents who removed from Eastham to Nova Scotia in 1761. Some of their children were born in Nova Scotia, including Theodore, who was born in Barrington, and became converted under the preaching of Rev. Freeborn Gerrettson, a Methodist missionary sent from the United States to Nova Scotia, 1787-1794. He preached in Liverpool and then in the Horton circuit, and was ordained a Baptist minister in Halifax, in 1795. He was pastor at Wolfville from 1796 until his death and was one of the founders of Acadia Col-





lege. He evangelized in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island; in United States, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island and New York. He was strongly doctrinal, deeply emotional, quick and eloquent—one of the finest orators of his day. He was one of three noted ministers of his time, who all lived to advanced age. Father Manning died first. Then Rev. Harris Harding, whom Rev. Theo met first by chance at an association, although they must have been fourth cousins. Rev. Theodore Harding died a year after Reverend Harris Harding, in 1855. A monument of Reverend Theodore marks his last resting place at Barrington, Nova Scotia. The children of Reverend Theodore Harding were: Ebenezer Fitch, born 1799; Jonathan Graham, born 1801; married Ann Buchann, and their child, Sophia, married William Hunt, and lived in Fredrickton, New Brunswick; Lydia Ann Fitch, born 1804, died 1831, married Jedidiah Clark Harris; their child, Theodore Harding, born 1828, died in Louisville, Kentuckey, married Mary Jane Schooley, 1853, in Ohio; born 1831, daughter of Nathaniel and Jane (Robinson) Schooley; Theodore Seth, born 1807, merchant and ship owner at Windsor, Nova Scotia, died at Windsor, 1865; married first, Ann Spurr and second, Marion Spurr, and third, Susanne Grant; his children were Mary, married James Buskark; William, died in infancy; children by third marriage were John and Louis Henry, an attorney in Alberta; Sarah Sophia, born 1810, died 1837, grave at Wolfville; Irene Elizabeth, born 1815, died 1872, married Reverend John Manis, had child, John Theodore Seth, died 1880,





aged 30 years.

Captain Sam Harding of Chatham, Massachusetts, is 96 years of age. He sailed the seven seas in command of Clipper ships. His portrait by Harold Brett was on exhibition at the Boston Art Club at the opening of the 1933 season.

Captain Nemiah Smith Harding, of Orleans, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, celebrated his ninety-first birthday by working in his garden and walking to town and back, the distance of a mile. Captain Harding was born in Eastham in 1842. He sailed around Cape Horn eighteen times and around the world three times on sailing vessels and was fifteen years in California-Alaska trade. His first wife died in 1924. He married in 1934 Mrs. Alice Cook McIntyre. He died July, 1934.

Reverend Abner Morse, A. M., in his genealogy (1864), which is in the New England Historical and Genealogical Society at Boston gives a genealogy of this line, several hundred names, from Joseph Harding directly down to recent times. Another genealogy of this line can be found at the Boston Public Library. There are many Hardings that left their imprint on the United States and Canada, and the writer will give brief sketches of some of the prominent ones.

Abraham Harding, on the records in 1638, when he was admitted an inhabitant of Dedham, which implied church membership and indorsement of character, was a leather dresser and glover by trade. When a youth he was an apprentice of Thomas Botolph. Abraham, in 1639, married Elizabeth Botolph, who came with the Botolphs from old England, in the ship Abigail, in





1635. Before the assignment of farm lots in Dedham, Abraham removed to Braintree, near Weymouth Landing. While at Braintree he took the freeman's oath in 1645 and became owner of a town-right house, barn and fifty-three acres of land, bounded on the north by William Tyng's farm and on the south by Monticott river. In 1650, Medway was granted to Dedham men by virtue of early proprietorship and was made a grant. For a large sum of money, Abraham deeded to Thomas Holbrook, of Weymouth, the farm and town right at Braintree, and with relatives and some of his neighbors moved to Medfield and erected a costly house. Abraham died when about forty years of age. He made a will in 1655, sworn to by Peter Adams, Prudence Frary, Hannah Alby and others. By his "imperfect will" he left his estate to his wife Elizabeth to care for and allow to accumulate for ten years. Thomas Botolph was bondsman and inventoried by Reverend Hensdell and Ralph Wheelock. Estate consisted of house, twenty-four acres upland, twenty acres meadow, cattle, etc. After ten years, Elizabeth received one-third of the estate and John, their son, received double portion and was appointed guardian of his sister Mary and brother Abraham, born posthumous. John was born in 1644 at South Braintree and died in 1719. He married first, Hannah Ward and second, Elizabeth Adams. Elizabeth, another daughter of Abraham, married Eleazar Adams, born 1644. Mary, born 1653, at Medfield, married Samuel Barbour, in 1670. Abraham, born 1655, at Medfield, married Mary Mason first, and Sarah Fairbaum, second.



1955. The subject of the book is the history of the American movement for the abolition of slavery, from the time of the first appearance of the slave in America to the present day. The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is well illustrated with numerous photographs and maps. The author, who is a leading authority on the subject, has drawn on a wide range of sources to produce a work of great value to students and scholars alike. The book is divided into three main parts: the first part deals with the early years of the movement, from the time of the first appearance of the slave in America to the time of the American Revolution; the second part deals with the years from the American Revolution to the time of the Civil War; and the third part deals with the years from the Civil War to the present day. The book is a comprehensive and authoritative work on the subject, and is highly recommended to all who are interested in the history of the American movement for the abolition of slavery.

Abraham Harding's widow Elizabeth, married for her second husband, John Frary, Jr., of Medfield and had Theophilous Frary, born 1657. Hannah Frary, born 1660, died 1682. She married Joseph Dyer, of Weymouth, and had three children, Prudence, born 1662, died 1750, married Henry Adams; grandmother of Mrs. Jemima Lovell, of Medford, and of Reverend Amos Adams, of Roxbury; and ancestor of Mrs. Hannah Adams, historian, also of Reverend Joseph Adams, D. D., President of Geneva College. Elizabeth and John Frary were also the ancestors of Reverend Abner Morse, to whom the Harding family are indebted for the genealogy, printed in 1864. Elizabeth, married the third time, Thomas Dyer in 1673. While in her third widowhood, her house was burned down by Indians but she replaced it and later it became the home of the Lovell family. She died in 1678 at the age of sixty-seven years.

The Reverend Elisha Harding, A. M., graduate of Harvard College in 1745, was born April 11th, 1711, at Medfield. He was the second minister at Brookfield and also a real estate owner. The Hardings married into the Adams, Draper and Taft families. Captain Abijah Harding, born about 1750, in Medway, married Sybil Adams, July 12th, 1770. She was great-granddaughter of Henry Adams, whose monument is in Quincy near that of President John Adams. Abijah settled in Barre and had ten children. Reverend Alpheus Harding was born at Medway, January 1st, 1780. He graduated from Dartmouth College, in 1805,

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and taught in the academy at New Salem for two years. He was ordained there, pastor of the Congregational Church, December 2nd, 1807 and was in the service of the church forty years. He was twice elected to the legislature and for several years was magistrate and trial justice. He married on October 10th, 1808, Sarah Bridge, daughter of the Reverend Josiah and Irene Morse Bridge. Their first child, Martha, married the Reverend Azerelah Morse Bridge of Norton. Joseph, second child, 1816-1863, served two years in the general court. Alpheus, Jr., born January 12th, 1818, who married Maria P. Taft, of Dudley, was a merchant of New Salem. A few of the Hardings had slaves. John Harding, born in 1694, at Medfield, married in Boston, in 1722, Thankful Bullard, by Reverend Samuel Sewall. He made his will in 1778, giving his negro man, Boston, his freedom. This John Harding died in 1782. The state anticipated his will, and Boston, the slave, when released by statute, was given four acres of land by his former master, to whom he remained near, until July 3, 1782, a month before Mr. Harding died. "Boston" assumed the high-sounding name of Prince Royal and got married.

There are said to have been two branches of Harding families in Connecticut. This paragraph is part of a newspaper article written by Clarence W. Bowen, who includes among early Hardings, George, of Salem, John, of Weymouth and Robert, of Boston. David, of Wellfleet, descended from Joseph and was in the Revolutionary War. Abraham, son of Abraham, of Dedham, had a son Samuel, whose grandson Samuel,





of Woodstock, born January 1, 1727, had ten children, by his two wives, born there. The two children by Abigail Fisher, first wife, were buried in the Bingay churchyard, West Woodstock. Samuel's second wife, Dinah Johnson, of Woodstock, died in Deerfield, Massachusetts, 1808. He was in the revolution and one of the committee with General Samuel McLellan, who forwarded sixty-five sheep to the distressed Boston. The family records are in Woodstock. His son Timothy married Levina Berrin and after their daughter's birth, moved to Pomfret, Vermont. Other Hardings, in Sturbridge, and towns adjacent, twenty-five years ago, were: Elijah and Ralph Harding. The latter's sons Thomas and Calvin married Woodstock girls. Joshua Harding, Jr., of Sturbridge was the great-grandfather of Clarence Harding Child, State Senator and one of the founders of Woodstock. Ebenezer Corbin, grandson of Clarence, married, January 10, 1757, Mrs. Judith Harding, of Wrentham. Francis Harding and wife, Olive, lived on Woodstock Hill and had a son, Francis, born 1822 and a daughter Lucy. The house was sold in 1823, to Deacon Jediah Kimball, and is now owned by Mrs. Rufus B. Richardson.

Jeremiah Harding was in the Revolutionary war. He is said to have been at Ft. Trumbull, New London, and went as a volunteer to Fort Griswold, across the river; was taken prisoner by Arnold and taken to New York. His second wife was Sally Black; he had several children. He was also in the war of 1812, and was buried with military honors in the old burying ground at Mystic, Connecticut. Jeremiah's son, Henry, called "Old





Squire," born 1789, was a member of the Connecticut legislature and died October 6th, 1866.

Other prominent Hardings were Reverend Sewall Harding A. M., born 1793, graduated from Union College in 1818, pastor of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, Waltham, January, 1831. The Reverend John Harding, born 1820, graduated from Yale, 1845, and from Andover Theological Seminary in 1844, pastor of the Congregational Church, Longmeadow, 1850, married Mehetable Lane of East Abington. The Reverend Willard Mason Harding, A. M., was one of the leading lights in the Pilgrim Monument Association and was the financial agent in 1858. He was born in 1810, graduated from Yale in 1837, ordained to the ministry at Princeton, in 1840. He was pastor of the Weymouth Congregational Church in 1847. William Penn Harding, a distinguished lawyer, was born in Duxbury in 1830. He won his A. B. in Harvard and taught in the Boylston Grammar School, Boston, three years. He was admitted to the Suffolk Bar and won his A. M. in 1856. Edwin Alonso Harding, born in Hampden, Maine in 1826, studied law in the office of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln. In 1855 he was admitted to the bar and practiced in his native town. Among the leading early merchants was Newell Harding, who for forty years was a silversmith in Court Square. After his death the business was carried on by his sons. Newell Harding was born in Haverhill, in 1799, and died in Boston, May 31st, 1862. He married Eliza Brewer, of Boston. The following are some early university graduates:





Elisha	Harding A. B., Harvard 1745
Adelphus	Harding A. B., Dartmouth 1805
Daniel Fisk	Harding A. B., Brown University 1809
Sewall	Harding A. B., Union College 1821
Charles	Harding A. B., Bowdoin College 1821
Elisha	Harding A. B., Brown University 1819
Fisher Amos	Harding A. B., Harvard
John Russell	Harding A. B., Harvard
William Mason	Harding A. B., Yale 1837
Chester	Harding A. B., Harvard 1847
John Wheeler	Harding A. B., Yale 1845
Horace	Harding A. B., Harvard 1848
Henry Fisk	Harding, A. B., Bowdoin 1850
Charles	Harding A. B., Yale 1853
William G.	Harding, Williams College 1854
Edward	Harding, West Point 1818
James P.	Harding, West Point 1832

There is a town named Harding in Massachusetts, also a Harding rock and Harding Hill, on Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

The directories list thousands of Hardings and they are represented in the Blue Book. The many writers include Richard Harding Davis and Caroline Harding.



## CHAPTER VI

CHESTER HARDING 1792—1866

**B**OSTON is known the world over as a literary and artistic centre and is said to be the only large city that resembles an English city, today. Boston, named after old Boston, England, got its name, which is a corruption of St. Botolph's, Ton, from St. Botolph, a monk famed as the patron saint of mariners and derived from two Saxon words, boat and help (boat help). Boston early erected a beacon light on Beacon Hill to guide the sailor into the harbor. Among Boston's famous collection of public and private paintings are those of Chester Harding, one of the romantic figures of history, a veteran of the war of 1812, who in a few years rose from a farm boy and sign painter to become one of the greatest portrait painters of his time. He was descended from Abraham Harding, sixth in line (Abraham, Abraham, Samuel, Samuel, Abiel, Chester).

Chester Harding was born in Conway, in Western Massachusetts, in 1792, when Washington was President, and during his life came into contact with all the great men who figured in the making of the United States up to and just before the Civil War. He is said to have resembled Ben Franklin. He was tall and handsome, of commanding presence, and finely proportioned. It was hard to believe he had little education, but he had a native refinement; nature was better





than schools; he was a painter and a gentleman. His grandfather, Deacon Smith, had a large farm at Whatcly, Massachusetts, and lived to an advanced age. Chester Harding's family moved to Hatfield, where there was a brook he always remembered for he never overcame his hobby of "going a fishing." Like most boys he played truant once in a while and ran errands to get pennies to buy his fish hooks. When about eight years old he went to live with his aunt, awhile in Bernardston, and again a brook enticed him from his daily duties of tending a flock of geese. After two years he returned to the home of his father, who was a farmer and an inventive genius, although he had no success with his inventions.

At the age of fourteen, Chester moved with his family to Western New York, in Monroe County. They built a log house and cleared a patch of ground for seed. Quoting from his "egotistography," he had two brothers older than himself. The oldest was a chair-maker by trade and made common flat-bottomed chairs for the neighbors. By this means they got an occasional piece of pork, some flour and potatoes, while the father and other boys wielded the axe, the great civilizer. Before the season was over they were all down with chills and fever, but with the usual struggles of the pioneers they got through the winter, the hardest they ever knew. Chester was very strong and became very skilful with the axe which was as useful as the shot gun. He felled the trees for the log house and rafts, and for the fire. The pioneer never went far without his axe. The only book they had in the house





was the bible, from which the parents would read aloud to the children and occasionally they were blessed with a visit from some itinerant preacher, when the whole settlement would meet in some building, the school-house or a barn. It is too bad Chester did not immortalize some of the scenes of his childhood, but the class who bought pictures might not have been interested.

In 1812, Chester's youngest brother enlisted and after six months Chester took his place as drummer boy at Oswego. Sickness thinned the ranks at Sacket's Harbor. Chester was taken sick also, but instead of going to the hospital where so many had died, the lieutenant took him to his own quarters. When he had recovered his strength, he got his discharge, as his time was most up and he started for home along with another lad who was taking back a horse which an officer had borrowed. The two nearly died from exhaustion and exposure. After reaching their destination Chester was treated for his frost-bitten limbs and after spending a night of pain and no sleep he was alright. His sufferings were soon forgotten after he got home. His next occupation was selling a spinning wheel, a new invention he had bought. After a season, Chester and his brother were chair manufacturers in Caledonia, New York. At this time he met Caroline Woodruff, a lovely girl, with handsome, dark eyes and fine complexion. He fell in love at first sight; lost no time in proposing and three weeks later was accepted. In after years, she joked about her wedding, for they were really married the day before. On the day before the date set for the wedding, the guests had been invited,





the bride was making preparations, the cake was in the oven, her brother dispatched to the next town for the white gloves and sash; presently the bridegroom-elect drove up to the door in a sleigh and after the first salutations announced that he had come to be married that day, as the snow was melting so fast that if they waited twenty-four hours they would not be able to get back to Caledonia, and so they were married. They no sooner had reached Caledonia when Chester was sued for a small debt; one could be imprisoned for debt at that time. He tried tavern keeping, but incurred more debt. Hardly knowing what to do he left his wife with her people, and started for the head of the Allegheny river. On reaching there, he worked his way across to Pittsburg, on one of the many rafts that were used on the river. He got a job as a housepainter and after saving some money, he started back for his wife and child. He said he walked over mountains in and through wild forests, with no guide but the blazed trees. Bears, wolves, deer and turkeys he met so often, he hardly turned around to look at them. At last he reached the settlement near Caledonia, remained a few days and started back for the Allegheny river with his wife and child. What the wife and child endured going back over mountain and through forest, can be imagined. At Olean Point they got a raft with a comfortable shanty on it and after floating down the river a week, arrived in Pittsburg, where, before leaving, he had rented a two room house. Into this place they moved the chest of clothes and the bed they had brought with them. His finances were low, but he





managed to get a little credit. His wife, though worried sometimes, always encouraged him and met him with a smile.

He decided to become a sign painter, of which he knew little, but borrowed some money from his neighbor and friends; and bought some gold leaf and paints and did good sign painting for a year. He then met a Mr. Nelson, who was a portrait painter, as well as a sign painter. He painted Chester and his wife but would not let any one see him work or give any information, but discouraged him in every way. Chester took the picture home, pondered, and was inspired. He got a board and with such colors as he had he painted a portrait of his wife, who was delighted with it. It was like the discovery of a new sense to him. Sign painting became odious and was much neglected. He had keen observation and his experience at lettering served as a kind of tuition for drawing, and developed a steady hand. He painted a portrait of an Englishman—a journeyman baker, for which he got five dollars. It was a good omen. The Englishman was so pleased with the portrait, that he sent it to his mother in London, where, in so short a time, he was painting portraits of Dukes, Lords and Ladies. An Irish apothecary in Pittsburg, recognizing Harding's genius, allowed him to buy anything he needed on credit, from his paint and drug store. He did well for a time, improving all the time but could not get enough to do. He played a clarinet for a tight-rope dancer and on market days, played at the window of the Museum to attract a crowd, for which performance he received one dollar. He was





obliged to move about, as he could not find enough to do in one place to support his family, but his wife was a good manager in his absence.

Chester Harding had from the start a natural trick of catching likeness or profile,—a suggestiveness of expression in different moods. A lady who had died had a pet cat that wandered about the house as if searching for something. There was a likeness of the lady by Harding on a sofa. The cat finally gave a bound into what it supposed was the accustomed place of settling itself in the lady's lap. Mr. Harding could play well on the clarinet, without knowing how to read the notes of music. Anything he could sing he could play and he could also whistle finely. He was good at landscape gardening. At his home in Springfield, where he spent his later days, he wished to make an artificial pond on the grounds and he moved some large trees. The trees grew after being reset, contrary to the prophecy of the neighbors. He assisted the Reverend W. B. O. Peabody, D. D., in the laying out of the grounds of the Springfield Cemetery, sometimes handling the spade himself, and the pine trees at the entrance were set by him. During the early part of his career he painted some pictures in exchange for a piece of land in St. Louis, while there, and later sold it for some seven hundred dollars. The same lot of land later sold for forty thousand dollars. His father who had not as yet congratulated him on his success with painting met him one day and had this to say: "Chester, I want to speak to you about your present mode of living; I think it very little better than





swindling, to charge forty dollars for one of those effigies. Now I want you to give up this course of living; settle down on a farm and become a respectable citizen." Mr. Harding was then planning on going to Europe but his mother advised him not to go until later. He was all packed to go the following day, but changed his mind. The steamer on which he was to sail, was the ill-fated Albion which was wrecked and all hands on board were lost with the exception of an invalid who was thrown up a cleft in the rocks and saved.

In 1823, Mr. Harding went to England for study and improvement. The following four lines are from several written by a Boston lady, wife of E. B. Hall, D. D. on his departure.

"No grecian temples caught his boyish eye,  
In youth he gazed on no Italian sky;  
But taste, untutored, claimed her favorite child,  
And heaven-born genius led him from the wild.

In England Mr. Harding met Mr. Coke and his beautiful lady and made some pictures of members of his family. Mr. Coke, who had one of the largest manuscript libraries in the kingdom, was the first to recognize the independence of the American Colonies in the House of Commons. Mr. Coke was an admirer of America and regretted not having gone over after the termination of the Revolutionary struggle, that he might have met George Washington. Mr. Harding painted several pictures in England and visited the art galleries in London and Paris. In the big Library in Boston is a book written by his daughter, Margaret





E. White. The book is charmingly written and gives a reproduction of some of his letters to his wife, also his journal while traveling in Europe, his impressions of the places, including St. Pauls and Westminster Abbey, as he journeyed about, and the fine old architecture of some. He described Hamilton Castle as it was in 1823, when he went there to paint Alexander Hamilton, for Hamilton Palace is four times the size of an ordinary public building and had an immense art gallery and library. The entrance to the castle grounds is a mile long, with trees growing on either side. The Avon river flows through the parks, where deer and wild cattle once browsed. Antiquarians say that in the Caledonia forest today are oak stumps twenty-seven feet in circumference where the craftsmen got their material for the boards of the walls and ceilings of its stately and exquisitely carved paneled rooms. In recent years many art works were sold; priceless paintings and furnishings were brought to New York and Boston. Some of the tables and cabinets of the palace, inlaid with gold and precious stones, were wonders of inlaying art. Mr. Harding visited the birthplace of Burns, Scotland's great poet, and other places of interest, including Sterling Castle. He had, before leaving America, bought one hundred and fifty acres of land and built a house upon it for his family. He had ten children and sent them to the best schools. He assisted his father and mother and younger brothers. Mr. Harding grew lonesome for his family while away and they joined him in Glasgow and lived there. Mr. Harding had some amusing experiences while abroad,





when people were sometimes a little puzzled as to his rank, and what respect was due to him. Once he drove to the station in a Duke's carriage and on being asked his rank, jokingly replied that he was a general. Lady Gordon afterwards called him "the nobleman of the prairies." The Duke of Hamilton and Lady Anne liked Mr. Harding very much. After he left Europe the Duke wrote him the following: "Nature with an indulgent hand has given you much; much you have acquired by your own labor and industry, and I shall rejoice to learn that genius and assiduity have been deservedly remunerated."

After returning to his native land Chester Harding lived in Boston. He painted pictures all over the United States. While in Washington, he received honors which had never been accorded any other artist, although Gilbert Stuart, the pride of Boston, was in the height of his fame. He also painted many portraits in England, Scotland and Canada. He was an incessant worker. Mrs. Harding, the devoted wife of the artist, died when she was fifty years old.

In 1866, Chester Harding started for Boston, on his way to Sandwich, Cape Cod, his favorite resort for trout fishing. While at the Tremont House, Boston, he was taken with a severe cold. He sank rapidly into unconsciousness and died before any of his family could reach him.

There were accounts of Mr. Harding's life in the Home Journal, The Springfield Republican, Boston Post and Boston Transcript. The last named paper printed the following lines in tribute; on April 2,





1866:

We deeply regret to announce the death at the age of seventy-three, of Chester Harding the most venerable of American artists and one of the most eminent and accomplished.

He died last evening at the Tremont House. Few persons in the country were so widely known and so generally esteemed. A self-educated artist who rose from humble beginnings to be the companion as well as painter of nobles and statesmen; he had that innate gentlemanness which placed him on an equality with any circle in which he moved, while he never lost in conventional society the vigorous manhood and that which he had learned in the woods and fields.

It was impossible to know him without both liking and admiring him. He had in his heart as well as in his manners that quality which wins affection and at the same time inspires respect, and his constant regard for the rights and feelings of others was his shield against any invasion of his own. A Duke who met him in a drawing room, a country lad who was his companion on a fishing excursion, would find that his manhood was broad enough for both. He visited England and there was hardly a place in the United States where he was not known. His contribution was rich in recollection of eminent men of all kinds in both hemispheres. While he was absolutely unknown by self-assertion and self conceit—at one time we heard of him painting Daniel Webster at Washington and soon after that he started north to the wilds of the West to paint Daniel Boone. One of his last works was an ad-





mirable portrait of General Sherman, which many of our readers will remember among the finest things in the exhibition at the recent art reception. He had an instructive attraction for all manhood no matter what might be the field in which it was exhibited.

The sunset of his later years having been spent in many fields of exercises and sports, his old age was so hale and vigorous that the announcement of his death will shock his friends and surprise as well as pain the former. None leave behind a more genuine memory or one which will be more warmly cherished by a large circle of friends.

Chester Harding's brother had the Harding characteristic of versatility. Horace Harding, the chairmaker, had gone to Paris, Kentuckey. As a side line took up painting. Another brother, Harry, lived in Valparaiso. Chester Harding's children were Caroline, who married John T. King, of Springfield; Mary Ophelia, married J. M. Krum, lawyer, of St. Louis, Missouri; William, removed to Detroit; Margaret E., married Reverend William O. White, of Salem, and removed to Keene, New Hampshire. A new edition of the life of Chester Harding was edited by his grandson, William Proctor Gould Harding in 1930, published by Houghton & Mifflin Company.

William Proctor Gould Harding (1865-1930), president of the Federal Reserve Board, died on April 7th, 1930, after an illness of three weeks at the Algonquin Club, Boston, where he made his home in his last days. Mr. Harding possessed much personal charm as well as ability and rose from an obscure banking job to the





governorship of the greatest banking system in the world. He was a student as a young man and won his master's degree at the University of Alabama at seventeen years of age. Perhaps from his ancestors, or acquired from his vacations at college, spent steamboating on a river in Alabama, Harding acquired his love of ships and the water. During his college days he rowed on the Varsity crew and was one of the best swimmers in class. In a dare he swam across the river at Poughkeepsie, New York, although a rival made the same attempt but was rowed over. He once dreamed of going to Annapolis and becoming an naval officer. He preferred traveling by water rather than by rail, and in his journeys from his home state of Alabama to the north, he would find an excuse to his daughters to go to New Orleans and then to New York by sea. Finance and banking occupied the most of his life. As a small town banking president he prevented a run on his bank by shrewdly paying out silver, convincing his colored clients there was plenty of money right from the United States mint.

Harding retired from the private banking field to a smaller compensation by serving his country. Washington saw in him the genius which the Federal Reserve System needed in its permanent stage. He will be remembered for his courage in averting a cotton panic in the days of the allied blockade of Germany.

Underneath a conventional exterior, he maintained, throughout fifteen years of prominence in national affairs, a warm and gentle personality. His nearest associates recognized the human side. He loved his





fellows and possessed a keen sense of humor. He liked his southern cook's cornbread. He liked to steal away on the water and go fishing, on vacations. One of his hobbies was detective stories. He would read one in a couple of hours. On one occasion a high-brow magazine appeared at the Harding home, followed by a set of ten cloth-bound books—ten volumes of "The Worlds Greatest Detective Stories." Although dealing in millions, Mr. Harding was economical in personal expenditure, but always ready to loan for a legitimate purpose. Noted in Washington, New York and Boston as an unwearied worker in the business world, Harding in a humorous vein answered a newspaper man who insisted on being told why he took up banking as a life career. "Well, I'll tell you," he said smilingly. "I was always fond of fishing. I thought of being a lawyer, but I saw how hard attorneys had to study and how long were the hours they had to keep in court and in office, so I thought of being a storekeeper; but I tried that and never had a minute off. Finally, I discovered that the banking day was from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. There, I told myself, is the job for me; with a chance to exercise my fishing rod—six days a week and Sunday.

Mr. Harding spent his latter years in Boston. He wrote a book about finances in the World War Crisis as well as editing a new edition of the life of his grandfather, Chester Harding, the famous artist.

Among the many portraits done by Chester Harding, scattered all over the United States and Europe are:





Self portrait of Chester Harding, now in possession of Elizabeth Krew of St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. Chester Harding, in possession of Mr. Edwin De Wolf, St. Louis Missouri.

Daniel Boone, now in possession of Mrs. Mary Bowler King, Winnetka, Illinois; replica in the State House, Kentucky.

James Madison, the original in chapel of Washington; another in Lee University, Virginia.

Charles Sprague, cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston; original in possession of Mr. Sprague's grandson in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Washington Allison, original in Providence Art Museum, Providence, Rhode Island.

Charles Carrol, of Carrolton; original in house wing of the Capitol, at Washington, District of Columbia.

Peter C. Brooks, original in possession of Mr. Saltonstall; Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Elizabeth Tuckerman, Salisbury; original in Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Alexander Hamilton Douglas, tenth Duke of Hamilton; painted at his country seat, Lanarkshire, Scotland; in possession of Mr. Henry S. Howe, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Judge Samuel Lyman, in possession of Mr. Frank Lyman, Northampton, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of Boston physician.

Leverett Saltonstall, in possession of Mrs. R. M. Saltonstall; Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

Chester Harding, 1828; in possession of New Museum, Fairmont Park, Pennsylvania.





Emily Marshall, in possession of Mr. Samuel Eliot Morrison; Brimmer Street, Boston.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, in possession of Book club, New York.

John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States; in possession of the Boston Athenaeum.

John Randolph, in Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, District of Columbia.

Daniel Webster, original in possession of Algonquin Club; 217 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

William H. Seward, in possession of Chamber of Commerce, New York.

Sir Archibald Alison, in Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Margaret E. Harding (Mrs. White), artist's daughter, at fifteen; in possession of Mrs. Robert T. Pell, Washington, District of Columbia.

Chester H. Krum, afterwards Judge Krum; in possession of Mrs. James M. Lasell, Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

Henry Clay, original in possession of grandson, Bishop William Lawrence, 22 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

General W. T. Sherman, original in Union League Club, New York.



## CHAPTER VII

CAPTAIN JONATHAN HARADAN (1794-1803)

**A**N illustrated book, called "some privateers of New England," issued by Ralph M. Eastman, secretary to President Allen Forbes, of the State Street Trust Company, tells interesting marine stories, dealing with famous vessels of the Revolution and the War of 1812, commissioned by the government to scour the seas and capture every vessel, armed or not. They were given one-half of what they captured, in way of plunder, and the value of captured vessel. The book is illustrated by reproductions of portraits of the old timers, harbors used, and documents. Here can be seen the tall topsails and the jibbooms, half as long as the vessels themselves,—the firm lips and the twirled hair of the old sea captains of Beverly and Salem. The life of cruising around on the privateers was not an easy one; the fare was poor, but it seemed profitable and they had no difficulty in getting crews. The book includes the adventures of Silas Talbot, during the revolution, who harried the waters south and west of Cape Cod.

Captain Jonathan Haradan was one of the most famous privateers, whose portrait shows a big nose and shrewd mouth. By his courage, during his many cruises in the General Pickering, he captured about one thousand enemy cannon, and did more to win the Independence of the Nation than many a landsman whose





military achievements won the recognition of the government and an honored place in history.

A ship's boy, prisoner aboard a British brig-of-war, standing at the rail one day,—saw in the distance, a spec of white. A ship was heading towards him and the boy's hat went up in the air while he sang and danced. He told the surprised sailors "my master is in that ship and I shall soon be with him." "Who the devil is your master," they asked. "Why Captain Haradan! You don't mean you never heard of him! He takes everything he goes alongside and he will soon take you." The British captain being told of the incident sent for the boy to have him repeat what he had said. In the meantime, the General Pickering got into position, and was soon within hailing distance and Captain Haraden of the "General Pickering" shouted across. "Haul down your colors, or I'll fire into you!" His seamanship had put his opponent to such disadvantage, that only her deck swivel guns and small arms could be fired and she surrendered. Captain Haradan took his prize without firing a shot. He once fought for four hours, a king's mail packet bound for England from the West Indies. He retreated a while for repairs, with one charge of powder left. He loaded a gun, double-shotted it and again ran alongside the badly cut up and still unconquered enemy vessel,—while the brave crew of the Pickering stood to their empty guns. The captain roared. "I'll give you five minutes to haul down your colors! If they are not down then, I'll sink you, so help me God." The bluff worked; down came the flag and the ship sur-





rendered to one gun.

Captain Haradan was born in Gloucester and probably descended from Edward Haradan, of Ipswich, mentioned on the records in 1651. When a boy, he worked for George Cabot, a Salem merchant and ancestor of Henry Cabot Lodge. The boy loved the sea and at the beginning of the Revolution was given the position of Lieutenant, in the *Tyrannicide*, a sloop belonging to George Cabot, son of Richard; which was commissioned by the Massachusetts Colony as a State vessel of war. She was burned in the Penobscot expedition, to avoid capture. Haradan then took command of the *Pickering*, a Salem merchant ship of 180 tons which was fitted out with a letter of Marque, or privateer. The *Pickering* had fourteen six-pounders and a crew of forty-five men and boys, and sailed in 1780, with a cargo of sugar for Bilbao, Spain. Going across, she was attacked by a British Cutter with twenty guns, which was beaten off after two hours. In the Bay of Biscay she overtook the British "*Golden Eagle*" with sixty men and twenty-two guns. Taking his vessel alongside, he shouted, "This is an American Frigate, strike, or I will sink you with a broadside." In the darkness the opposing captain could not see the size of his foe and the *Golden Eagle* surrendered. A prize master was put aboard and the vessel was worked towards harbor. The British captain went aboard the *Pickering*. At dawn a vessel was seen making her way. It was the *Achilles*, with forty guns and a crew of one hundred and fifty men. Haradan watched a while with his spy glass and observed, "she is a bit





bigger than we are but I shan't run away from her." To the officer of the deck he said, "Keep the ship on her course, sir." The wind went down about dusk and the Golden Eagle had drifted far to the leeward and fell an easy prey to the Achilles, which put a prize crew aboard and then beat up to windward to engage the General Pickering. It was now dark and the commander of the Achilles, feeling sure of his prize, put off engaging in the fight until morning, Haradan too, was quite as confident and calmly went to his hammock, leaving orders to be called at daybreak.

At dawn the Achilles was coming along with her men at quarters. Haradan was short handed, having put a prize crew aboard the Golden Eagle and had only thirty men left to man his vessel and watch sixty English prisoners. These prisoners, he harranged so eloquently that a boatsman and ten men offered to serve with the American crew. Then began a fight of two hours, so near the shore that thousands of people came from Bilbao to watch the Pickering which looked like a longboat, alongside a ship. The Pickering made a good fight against her antagonist, hulling the Achilles again and again and cutting up masts and rigging, until the ship was almost unmanageable. Realizing how badly off his opponent was and that he himself was running low of ammunition, Captain Haradan loaded up his guns with crowbars which made hash of his enemy's decks. That settled it, and the Achilles turned and ran. Haradan, heavily laden, could not catch her, but he recaptured the Golden Eagle.

Captain Jonathan Haradan was born in 1744. He





died November 23rd, 1803, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was the son of Jonathan Harding. His mother, Rebecca, died in Salem, at the age of seventy years. Captain Jonathan married on June 8th, 1767, Hannah Deadman. His second wife, was Eunice Diamon, daughter of James Diamon, of Beverly. Captain Jonathan took for his third wife, Mary Scollam, who outlived him. His widow died in 1832,—aged 84 years. His will, made in 1803, named his widow, Mary; Hannah Ropes; Jonathan Haradan Ropes; Polly Peckman and Lucy Haradan. The estate was £4520. His children were Mary, Lucy, Gregory and Hannah.

It is said that the early Haradans in America continued to spell their name in this way for legal reasons as this is the way it was misspelled in a document. This way of spelling the name Harding would seem strange to their English cousins, while journeying abroad, or visiting the Manor Arden.

More than a century ago, a frail New England youth, named William F. Harnden, was a pioneer in world express lines. He was born in Reading, in 1813, and made four trips weekly between Boston and New York; partly by rail and partly by steamboat, with a valise containing parcels and packages, which he carried for merchants, bankers and others, under the rates charged by the government mails.

In Mt. Auburn cemetery, where he was buried in 1845, a towering monument tells us he was the founder of the express business. The humble beginnings had great development; the dramatic adventures of the overland mail; competing lines; the pony express; the





great figures of the times and the highway robberies; the events which filled the brief life of Harnden, suggested the early chapters of "Old Waybills," by Alvin A. Harlow (Appleton, Century Company). As Harnden's business improved, he made a triangular line out of his Boston-New York service and his Albany agent bore the name of Wells, a young man of vision, who established the Wells-Fargo express business across the expanding frontiers, to the Pacific. The business grew to much importance in the middle of the 19th century, through the Civil War years, and those of railroad building, a history of the express service to airplane.



## CHAPTER VIII

### STEPHEN HARDING

**S**TEPHEN Harding, first of the name in America, was among the early grantees of Rhode Island.

The seal of the plantation state depicts an anchor, accompanied by the word "Hope". (1636) History tells us that by 1639 there were three independent settlements planted by Roger Williams and others whose views of church policy and doctrine differed from the Massachusetts Puritans. In early days there was more or less uncertainty in regard to the charters. Stephen Harding was born about 1624 and was the son of John Harding and brother of Abraham. The name of Stephen Harding first appears on the records of Rhode Island in 1669.

In the Baptist part of the town, known as Swanzy, Stephen Harding is presumed to have come into possession of the townright of an original grantee in whose right and name were many lots, which led to the permanent settlement of some of his descendants. His name does not appear among the early proprietors of Nahoboth, because he must have been in his minority at the date of their occupation among the inhabitants of Swanzy when erected into a town, because he previously moved to Providence. But if a list of the early members of the Baptist Church, in Swanzy, should be discovered, his name would be there. On August 9th, 1669, Stephen Harding purchased from John and Mary





Jones the right of commoning in the pasture on the east side of Nogunkeake. In 1710-11 the deed was recorded. On November 16, 1674, being styled Senior and blacksmith, he bought of Thomas Estance and Estance Thomas, one-half of a right to common in all the divided lands of Providence. He purchased, of Mr. Hopkins, seventy acres in Providence, most ten poles; and August 24th, 1682, assigned part to his son, Stephen; a house, orchard, lands and meadows near his brother Abraham and having sold his son Abraham, a blacksmith of Providence, land in the new part, before signing the deed, and Abraham having in the meantime died, he, January 15th, 1694-5 signed the deed so that it might hold good to the estate of Abraham. He died on April 12th, 1698, estate was administered by John Harding. He married Bridget Estance, a relative of Thomas Estance. The Estance family came from Herefordshire England, and were Welch. The children were John, who had a son of twenty-three in 1697; Stephen, who died a widower in 1680. Abraham died in 1694 leaving a family, Stephen born after 1680, or changed name, a daughter married Jonathan Sprague. Mary married Samuel Winsor of Providence, and had Reverend Samuel Winsor, elder of the Baptist Church. Another daughter married Alexander Balcolm; Priscilla married Thomas Estance and had Mary and Mercy. The Hardings were related to Roger Williams by inter-marriage.

There is a record of Richard Harding, the only one in the early records called "mr". He was moderator of town meetings, juryman and managed lands of the





Baptist society, or Parish, in 1726, and was first justice in 1728. His house was standing in 1864, at Barrington, R. I.

Thomas Harding, of Providence, son of Abraham, born 1719, sold to John Crawford, land forty feet square, in the northwestern section of the town, between third town street and the water. Another transaction, recorded 1767, was a lot sold for one-hundred twenty and one-half Spanish dollars. He married on April 22, 1721, Alice Smith, of Providence. Many of his descendants became wealthy planters in South Carolina.



## CHAPTER IX

CAPTAIN STEPHEN HARDING (*Mariner*)  
and sons, John, Abraham, Captain Stephen, Thomas  
and Colonel Israel.

CAPTAIN Stephen Harding, son of Stephen Harding (first of the name in America), sold his brother John, seven acres in Providence, west of the seven-mile line, near Nipshaghunk, one-half of thirty-six acres; also one-half of one hundred and ten acres, laid out in the original right of Benjamin Smith; witnessed by Whipple and James Dexter. He also bought in 1713, for £29, three acres of meadow land from Thomas Whipple. On April 15, 1714, he had laid out to him six acres of the common lands of Providence. On June 23rd, (styled yoeman) he bought for \$263.00 of James Smith, of Providence, one hundred and sixty acres in several parcels, the largest containing eighty acres. Nothing more is found of him on the Providence records. He removed to Warwick and probably resided there when these conveyances were made. He was in early life a tanner and currier but before leaving Rhode Island had built and sailed his own vessel. He was a wealthy man by the time he reached middle life and his transactions and acquaintances were with the first persons of the colonies.

Colonel John Livingstone, son-in-law to Fitz John Winthrop, having in 1710 been one of the first purchasers of the old Mohegan property, except the reservation, improved a farm of 400 acres of the tract and built his house on the west side of the road from New





London to Norwich, near the site of Uncasville, and having taken a second wife, 1712-13, mortgaged to her his Mohegan farm, where he resided so that the title might secure to his daughter. He afterwards sold the farm including a saw mill, to Captain Stephen Harding of Warwick, Rhode Island.

Captain Stephen Harding settled upon it, attended by his half nephew, Israel, who later was referred to as his brother. Here he engaged in commerce and sailed from New London, until sustaining heavy losses at sea, he resumed his early occupation and ended his days upon his farm. This section of Connecticut was afterwards included in Waterford, and Hardings lived on their estates here for many years. This branch of the Harding family has been called the most gifted and produced numerous professional men, statesmen and war heroes.

Captain Stephen Harding's five valiant sons were:

John, born 1717

Abraham born 1720

Stephen born 1723

Thomas born 1727

Israel born 1733

#### JOHN HARDING

John Harding, eldest son of Captain Stephen Harding, went to Redstone, Pennsylvania and later removed to Kentucky. The name John was famous more than once among the Southern Hardings. The spelling of Harding without the g, is accounted for by the fashion among some to spell a name as pronounced.





There is a letter pasted in Morse's Harding Genealogy, written by Martin D. Harding, in 1880, seeking information and claiming to be of the same family as the New England Hardings who spell their name with the final g, and quoting from memoranda of a grand uncle, who died at the age of ninety-two years, in Shelbyville, Kentucky, "the tradition of three immigrant brothers going to Canada and not liking the climate, returned to their native land; some settling in Virginia and branches of the family becoming scattered elsewhere."

Some Harding data can be found in Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island. There are also records in the "History of King's County, Nova Scotia, Heart of Acadia land," by Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, (1884-1910), stating that among the Horton grantees of 1761, were Abraham, Israel, Lemuel and Thomas. The relationship to each other not being ascertained. There is no record whatsoever in Horton of any Hardings in the second generation, except the children of Colonel Israel Harding. So it is quite possible that the tradition of the "Three immigrant brothers" resolves to, Abraham, Thomas and Israel (three of Captain Stephen Harding's sons). Abraham, the oldest of the three, had a son, Lemuel.

Many New Englanders migrated to Nova Scotia soon after the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, and were encouraged to go there after the expulsion of the Acadians in 1759. There is a tradition of an immigrant chest in the Canadian branch of the Hardings, but the chest can not be traced at present. Christian names such as Lemuel, found in Nova Scotia, repeat in the





east and the south,—the same Christian names handed down by John Harding, of England, ancestor of the New England Hardings,—showing the direct line like signposts along the way.

Of the southern branch of Hardings was John Harding, born 1753, second son of John, an officer in General Morgan's rifle corps in the Revolution. He led the Kentuckians several times against the Indians in Ohio, and was killed by them while carrying a flag of truce north of Cincinnati.

Martin D. Hardin, born 1780, son of John, was a major in 1817 under General Harrison, and afterwards United States senator and orator from Kentucky. Martin D. Hardin, fourth, lost an arm in the Civil War and retired a Brigadier-General. He later was a lawyer. He married Estelle Graham.

General John J. Hardin, born 1810, son of General Martin D. Hardin, and grandson of Colonel John Hardin, of Farquar County, Va., was appointed by Congress to command as Colonel, the First Illinois volunteers. He was General of the state militia and elected three times to the Illinois legislature. He died of his wounds at the Battle of Vista, in the Mexican war, in 1847. For him was named Hardin County, Iowa, and counties in the Northwest part of Kentucky, Ohio, and Southeast counties of Illinois and Southwest of Tennessee.

Hon. Aaron Hardin was member of Congress from Kentucky. James P. Hardin was a graduate of West Point, in 1830. Benjamin Harding (1784-1852) was a lawyer, orator and member of Congress from Kentucky.





## ABRAHAM HARDING (1720-1806)

Abraham Harding, second son of Captain Stephen Harding, was born at Warwick, Rhode Island, on June 14th, 1720. He came to Waterford, Connecticut, in 1732. In 1761, after a long journey through the wilderness, his party arrived at a clearing in the Southwestern part of New York State, settling at Deer Park, now Port Jarvis. He died in Susquehanna County, Pa., in 1806, at the age of eighty-six. He served in the Revolutionary war as second lieutenant, and second major in Colonel William Allison's regiment, of New York State Militia, being commissioned by the Provincial Congress on December 1st, 1775. He married Anna Dolson. His children were Abraham, John, Amos, Lemeul, Oliver, Richard and three others. The line from this Abraham, down to President Harding is as follows: Abraham Harding 1720-1806; Abraham, his son, 1740-1815 who married Hulda Tyron, relative of Colonel Tyron; Amos Harding, 1764-1839, married Phoebe Tripp, in 1784, daughter of William and Sarah Slocum Tripp, cousin of the famous Frances Slocum, "Lost child of Wyoming," George Tyron Harding, born June 15th, 1790, in Lucerne County, Pennsylvania, and died January 9th, 1860, at Corsica, Ohio. He married first, Anne Roberts, and second, Elizabeth Madison, May 1st, 1816; Charles Alexander Harding, (grandfather of Warren G. Harding), son of George Tyron Harding, by second marriage, born April 5th., 1820 and died April 17th., 1878. He married Mary Ann Crawford in 1842, daughter of Joshua, (son of John) of Baltimore, and Sophie Stephens Crawford, of





Albermarle County, Virginia. The Crawfords came from Lanarkshire, Scotland, descendants of Robert Crawford, a pioneer of Virginia. George Tyron Harding, son of Charles Alexander Harding, and father of President Harding, was born November 2nd., 1844, married Pheobe Elizabeth Dickerson, May 8th., 1861, (born 1843 died 1910), daughter of Isaac Dickerson, (son of Thomas and Mary Curry) born in New Jersey, related to the Van Kirks, the original immigrant being Jan Jensen Van de Kirk, who came from Holland. Warren Gamaliel Harding, born in 1865, President of the United States. He died August 2nd., 1923.

The line of descent: Stephen Harding, 1624-1698; Captain Stephen Harding, 1681-1750; Abraham Harding, 1720-1806; Abraham Harding, 1740-1815; Amos Harding, 1764-1839; George Tyron Harding, 1790-1860; Charles Alexander Harding, 1820-1878; Dr. George Tyron Harding, 1844-1928; Warren Gamaliel Harding, 1865-1923. President Harding, being of recent period, will be written of later.

Wilbur Judd Harding, of Iowa, in his book about the Hardings, has written interesting details of the Wyoming Massacre and battle, of Francis Slocum, and of prominent Western Hardings, including Nehemiah S. Harding, a lawyer, Hon. Amos Harding and Hon. Horace Harding, founder of Arbor Day, and Secretary of Agriculture, in Grover Cleveland's administration, and one of the pioneers who came to Ohio when it was little known, some of whom left Pennsylvania in a train of "Prairie Schooners", drawn by horses.





Amos Harding (1764-1839), eldest son of Abraham and Hulda Tyron Harding, was born at Deer Park, now Pt. Jarvis, Orange County, New York, in 1764. He went to the Wyoming Valley and settled in the Western Township, near Wilkes Barre (Connecticut Reserves), near the Tripp and Slocum families. Amos married, in 1784, Phoebe Tripp, cousin of Frances Slocum. In 1780 he moved to Susquehanna County, Pa., near Clifford, and in 1820, to Richland County, Ohio. He died in 1839, and rests in Blooming Grove, now Corsica, Morrow County, Ohio. His children were Abelina, 1785-1861, Lydia born 1788, died in childhood; George Tyron, 1790-1860; William Tyron, 1792-1864; Raumi, died in childhood; Mordica Rice, 1795-1870; Wealthy, 1797-1887; Ebenezer S., 1799-1882; Solomon E., 1794-1872; Benjamin Franklin, 1801-1838; Hildah, born 1804, was drowned when a child of three years; Hilah, 1805-1877; John 1807-1884; Chauncy C., 1809-1880; Jemima, born 1810, died in childhood; Joseph, born 1811, died in childhood, Mahala, born in 1813.

Frances Slocum, the White Rose of the Miamis, was related to the Hardings, and the story of her life rivals any tale of fiction. The mother of Frances had witnessed the capture of her husband, father and other members of her family, killed by Indians. Then this little girl of three was taken over the mountains into a cave and placed on a blanket and bed of leaves for the night. Next day she was placed on a horse and carried still further away and brought up not to trust white people. She married the chief of the tribe who kidnapped her, and who treated her unkindly and she





later became the wife of the Miamis chief. The story of the lost child was repeated at the fireside and handed down. She was thought to be dead. A chance paragraph as to the possible fate of the child appeared in a newspaper and came to the attention of Colonel George Evans, an Indian trader of Loganport, Indiana. Colonel Evans had been suspicious of an Indian squaw who acted differently than the rest. On closer observation he noticed how white the skin of her arms was and addressed her in the Indian language. He was surprised to hear her say "Yes, I was a white child, but I can remember nothing of my people". After sixty years, she was visited by her own people, but she had been too long with the Indians and could not be induced to return to her people. She had two granddaughters and died in 1847, to the last refusing medical aid. One of her brothers preached the funeral services and on May 17th., a white bronze shaft, nine feet high was unveiled by two granddaughters, at Wabash, Indiana bearing the simple inscription: "White Rose, of Miamis." When the Miamis were ordered west of the Mississippi by the Government, the family of Frances Slocum was excepted by act of Congress. One who has ever heard the ballad "The Banks of The Wabash" will always recall it to memory whenever Wabash, Indiana is mentioned. Paul Dresser, the song writer, is said to have gotten the idea for his song from this incident.

Dr. George Tyron Harding, Father of President Harding, was born on June 12th, 1844, in Morrow County, Ohio, son of Charles Alexander and Mary (Crawford) Harding.





His maternal grandfather was a first cousin of Jefferson Davis. In early life he lived on a farm laid out by his grandfather near the village of Blooming Grove, later called Corsica. He attended public school and the Old Ohio Central college at Iberia and the Cleveland Homeopathic College, graduating in 1873. Doctor Harding practiced at Caledonia until 1882, when he moved to Marion, where he occupied the same rooms for forty years. President Harding was nominated on his father's birthday and elected on his own. Doctor Harding was a member of the National and State Homeopathic societies and the Round Table Medical Society in Columbus, also prominent in Civil War circles. In 1864, Doctor Harding married Miss Pheobe Elizabeth Dickerson, of Morrow County, who died in 1910. Of this union were: Warren Gamaliel; Charity Malvin, married Elton Remsburg, of Marion, — children are Nellie, Marie, Helen and Kathleen. Mary Clarissa, died 1872; Elinor Priscilla, died 1876; Daisy Abigail; George Tyron, Jr., a physician in Columbus, died January 18, 1934, married Elsie Weaver; their children are: George T. and Warren G., Pheobe Carrie, married Reverend Herbert Votaw, in 1903. Doctor Harding married, in 1921, Miss Alice Severns. Mrs. Abigail Harding Lewis died in Marion, Ohio, in 1935.

Doctor Harding died November 16th, 1928, at the age of eighty-four, seven years after the death of his illustrious son. He had left Marion, Ohio and gone to Santa Ana, California, to spend the winter and renew acquaintance with some of his Civil war comrades. His death was the result of a stroke of paralysis which



he took two weeks after his arrival. It affected his right side and his vocal organs. He was unconscious most of the time after the shock. Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Votaw, of Washington, District of Columbia, his daughter, were with him when he died, also another daughter, Mrs. E. E. Remsberg, at whose home he was staying. He was interred at Ohio. He was one of the few fathers of Presidents of the United States who lived to see their sons Presidents.





## CHAPTER X

CAPTAIN STEPHEN HARDING (*Soldier*) 1723-1789

CAPTAIN Stephen Harding, third son of Captain Stephen Harding (mariner), was the commander of the Wintermost fort at the time of the Wyoming Massacre in 1778.

Captain Stephen Harding was born in 1723. He married Amy Gardiner and lived at Colchester, Connecticut. In 1774 he went with his brother, Abraham, to the Wyoming Valley, and started his plantation on the west side of the Susquehanna River, in what is now Lucerne County. Captain Stephen Harding died at Exeter, October 11th, 1789. He commanded a fort at Wyoming when the Indians rushed upon the place. The women and children were in the forts and among the intrepid ones not bearing arms that ventured away from the stockades were two sons of Captain Stephen Harding, Benjamin, born 1753, and Stukeey, born 1755. They had been working all day in the fields up the river from Port Jenkins, where the families of Exeter had gathered. The two boys returning to the forts were surprised by an advance party of Indians, the day before the Massacre. After fighting as long as they could, they were overpowered, shot, speared, and tomahawked, scalped, and throats cut. Their bodies were found and taken into the fort on the place that is now Pittston and buried there. Elisha Harding, Senator, years after, placed a memorial under the willows





in a lonely cemetery, bearing this inscription "Sweet be the Sleep of these who prefer death to slavery." The children of Captain Stephen Harding were: Stephen, Thomas, Benjamin Stukey, Israel, Micajah, Elisha, John, William, (died 1825) and three daughters.

Captain Micajah Harding was an officer in the war of 1812. He died in Langrange County, Indiana, at the age of eighty-four. Elisha Harding was born in Colchester County, in 1763 and married Martha Rider. Elisha moved to the Wyoming Valley and settled at Eaton, when the place was a wilderness. He was a prominent lawyer, very popular, and settled many disputes among the pioneers. He died in 1839. Israel, fifth child of Captain Stephen Harding, the soldier, was in the Revolutionary war seven years. He was born in 1756, and died about 1835.

#### THOMAS HARDING 1727-1803

Thomas Harding, fourth son of Captain Stephen Harding, the mariner, was born in 1727 and died in 1803. He married first, Miss Rogers and second, Hannah Stark. He fought on the Continental side, in the Revolutionary war, and witnessed the surrender of the British General (gentleman Johnny) Burgoyne. According to the Morse, Harding genealogy, this Thomas,—so the legend goes,—used his influence with the Governor of Connecticut to get his younger brother Israel (who had fought in the French and Indian wars) through the lines, to the British sector at Long Island, when the Revolutionary war broke out.

In the War of Independence there were brothers





fighting against each other; father and sons on opposite sides, and suffering what we can little imagine. An old letter, written at the time, refers to the war as "the beginning of the disturbance" and "confusing times." Some there were, who wanted disputes quietly settled in a constitutional way. The Seven Years war had left England with a staggering war debt and was to a large extent a war for the Colonies. On the other hand, the Colonies were without representation, in the Imperial Parliament, and one of the dearest principles of British liberty was that there should be no taxation without representation. Wise statesmen spoke against certain methods in vain. And we can understand how Americans adore the memory of George Washington, when a history other than that of the United States, contains this: "True patriots there were, indeed, in the American colonies; among them towers pre-eminent, the figure of George Washington, whose clear sincerity, and dauntless courage and self-sacrificing devotion to his country, command the reverence of friend and foe alike. Washington, Hamilton and those like him sought a common ground of reconciliation, in a removal of just grievances."

President Harding said "If we survey the turbulent period and intellectual and governmental revolutionary movement which marked so strongly the eighteenth century and found its culmination in the Revolutionary movement of the American Colonies and France, I think we must concede that the remarkable epoch produced no single figure in our own or any other country, of such heroic, intellectual and moral





proportions as George Washington. All that the colonies petitioned and fought for in 1776, all that the Government under George III was unwilling to concede, was done under the beloved King George V a century and a half later. The following anecdote is quoted: A sculptor presented a design for new coinage for the king's approval. "Put a big "V" after the name! I would not care to be taken for another George."

#### COLONEL ISRAEL HARDING 1733-1787

Colonel Israel Harding, youngest of the five sons of Captain Stephen Harding (mariner) was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, in 1733.

It is on record at the Connecticut Historical Society, "French and Indian Wars," Volume I and II.

A soldier, May 26th to November 26th, 1755. Returned home and discharged.

Sergeant in Captain Noah Grant's payrolls, November 26th to May 1756.

Sergeant 4th company; Captain Slapp, 3rd Connecticut Regiment, Campaign, 1756. Lieutenant 3rd Campaign, 2nd Connecticut Regiment, March 27th, to November 21st, 1758.

Captain Noah Grant was the grandfather of General U. S. Grant, later President of the United States.

A colorful figure was Colonel Israel Harding, who served in the French and Indian wars with General George Washington. Of about the same age and like Washington, romance and adventure awaited him, after a period of fighting, and they were married about the same time. This branch of Hardings was related to the Washington family through the wife of Colonel





Israel, back through the Stantons. Among the first white settlers of Connecticut were the Rogers and Harris families, neighbors, and later related to the Hardings. Samuel Rogers had received a large grant of land from the Mohegans who were very friendly and promised protection from prowling Narragansetts. Mr. Rogers built a house of hewn plank, built a stockade and mounted a cannon. He then tried out the new arrangement and had a sham battle. Soon the boom of cannon sounded through the forest and Chief Uncas and his warriors rushed to the rescue of his white friends. A Banquet was prepared for the Indians but they were more interested in the strategy of the defence. Descendants of these families entertained and always made welcome, remnants of this passing race of red men whose names will linger forever with the gentle flowing river, storm swept headlands or lofty mountain.

Colonel Israel Harding received a large grant of land in Nova Scotia 1755-61. Many New Englanders migrated about that time, including a Harris family from Connecticut. Colonel Israel married in Horton, in 1759, Sarah, daughter of Lebbeus and Alice (Ransom) Harris, born in New London, December 18th, 1739. She lived to be one hundred years of age. Their children were Reverend Harris Harding, born in Horton, October 10th, 1761 (an evangelist and minister of seventy years service), Alice, married Joseph Allison, M. P., born in Ireland about 1755; Mary Harding, married Benjamin Peck, Jr.; she was a beautiful woman of the blonde type, left her home in Nova Scotia, crossed from Digby to Boston by vessel, with all her possess-





ions and travelled in a one-horse team to the wilds of Ohio. Governor Peck, of Wisconsin, was a descendant. Sabre Harding married Charles De Wolf; Sarah Harding, married Joseph Staratt; Sally Harding, married and settled in Digby County, Nova Scotia.

Colonel Israel Harding, in 1771, moved his family back to what was then the colony of Connecticut, but he was a loyalist, and according to records, and the biographer of his son, Reverend Harris Harding, we find him in Nova Scotia, in 1783. He died in 1787.

A genealogy of Colonel Harding's descendants can be found at the Boston Public Library, and at the N. E. G. and H. Society, written by George S. Brown, cousin of the writer of this book, who is of the Stephen Harding line, through Colonel Israel. Henry C. Mecklem, a genealogist, of Red Bank, New Jersey, is an authority on Harding lore; and Mecklem is one of Colonel Israel's descendants. The late Mrs. Mary A. (Harding) Congdon, of Portland, Oregon, granddaughter of Colonel Israel Harding, was also an authority on Harding data.

The centuries duelling for Colonial empire ended with the taking of Quebec, by General Wolfe, and his death on the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe, ill and worn at the d'Orleans, in the autumn of 1759, was engaged in a last hope known to a few, but the tension was felt by the whole camp. And one night the army was ordered to the boats. When the tide was right the boats cast off and were carried down towards the Anse du Falon (Wolfe's Cove); the "gallant twenty-four" (volunteers) in the lead, and Wolfe following. In the darkness and silence, to relieve the anxiety, he quoted





to those about him the beautiful lines of Gray's "Elegy," and said: "Gentlemen I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lee,  
The ploughman homeward winds his weary way  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave  
Await alike the inevitable hour:  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.





## CHAPTER XI

REVEREND HARRIS HARDING 1761-1854

**N**EAR woodlands, fragrant in spring with May-flowers, is Mountain Cemetery, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A small mountain on one side stands, sentinal-like, soaring towards the stars. At close of day, one might hear one of those comforting hymns that never grow old. Two centuries ago, an Englishman and a Massachusetts architect transferred, from wilderness,—quiet paths overshadowed with evergreen. This place of scenic beauty has rare, cultivated blooms, and there stands the monument of Reverend Harris Harding, an evangelist and minister of seventy years service; an ancestor of President Harding. Incribed on the monument, are these lines:

And They That be Wise  
Shall Shine as the brightness of the Firmament,  
And They that turn many to righteousness  
Shall Be as the Stars for ever and ever.

What sermons in these lines, for the warlike characteristics of mankind have baffled theologians for centuries. “The Life and Times of Harries Harding” was compiled by Reverend John Davis, a contemporary minister, and published in 1866. Harris Harding was born October 10th, 1761, oldest child of Colonel Israel Harding, who had been given a large grant of land, in Hortin, for services in the French and Indian wars. Harris Harding spent the first ten years of his life in Hortin, Nova Scotia, where scenes of history and ro-

Harvard Library 1151.1824

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mance inspired some of the most beautiful contributions to all literature. When he was ten years of age, Harris Harding moved with his parents to what was then the Colony of Connecticut, which had once been his father's and grandfather's home. The following anecdote of the boyhood of Harris is told. Near his father's home in Connecticut, soldiers were quartered in barracks, and in the yard was a flag pole, which, much to the amusement of the soldiers, the boy would climb, crowing vigorously. All the chanticleers in the neighborhood answered; this was the first occasion for raising his voice on high and he got a quick response. Once, in his youth, while riding a white horse,—a novelty then,—in the woods of Connecticut, a band of Indians, seeing him, fled far away, leaving camp and appurtenances.

Harris Harding was living in Connecticut when the Revolutionary war broke out. He was employed at the time by the Insurgent Colonists, in conveying goods by sea, from New York to Boston, a dangerous occupation just then. He was intrusted with a large sum of money to be delivered at a point in New England; the cash, in species, concealed in the bottom of the vessel. A letter was placed in Mr. Harding's hands, addressed to the party to whom it was consigned. If the vessel was boarded by the British, his instructions were to drop the letter into the sea, retaining his hold on it as long as possible. The British did board the vessel, and then came the moment of responsibility. Faithful to his trust, just at the right instant, the letter unnoticed, was dropped over the side of the vessel. The hidden treasure was not discovered and our adventurer





had the satisfaction of carrying it safely to its destination. A short time after, he was arrested, on suspicion, while in the Insurgent Service, and conveyed as a prisoner on board a British man-of-war. After some weeks he was given his liberty. Although his lot was cast with those that considered smuggling no sin, he had no part in it. He was careful to "render unto Ceasar the things that are Caesars'".

Harris Harding, in 1783, when twenty-two years of age, returned to Horton, Nova Scotia, the region known today as the "Land of Evangeline," the world's playground. Gone are the old ships that sailed around the world, but in the smaller places we see an occasional fishing schooner. Some of the old trees are still there, the seeds of which were brought from Normandy. In springtime one can see a hundred miles of exquisitely-tinted apples blossoms, mixing their perfume with the salt tang of the air; an appropriate background for the sweet Acadian maid. As we approach with reverence, the statue of Evangeline, with head turned backward,—we are deeply moved,—recalling Longfellow's story, the logical inspiration of a poet.

Not many years ago, a governor, visiting an Acadian girl's school, on asking the first demoiselle he met, her name he was told, "Evangeline." "Then there are Evangelines after all; it is not mythical." The girl had eyes of Norman origin and a natural, lovely complexion, —blended by the ocean fogs. She afterwards told that she had shaken hands with Le Roi. (The King).

"This is the foremost primeval, the murmuring pines and hemlocks





Bearded with moss and garments grown indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like druids of old with voices sad and prophetic;  
Loud from the rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean."

But the forest primeval, commonly connected with Grand Pre; did not play a large part in the lives of the thrifty French. The modern Grand Pre possesses large estates of wealthy Canadians. The great meadow is bigger than in the days of the Arcadian settlers; an area of about three thousand acres, yielding a rich hay harvest. In September the green expanse is said to resemble a western range more than anything on the Eastern part of the continent. Cattle graze by the thousands, in summer along the Annapolis valley, and an automobile ride through those parts is equal to any on the Continent. It is comparable only to an aeroplane ride over the tulip fields of Holland, in spring. Kentville and Wolfville, bigger towns near by, offer accommodation to the many exploring tourists.

Harris Harding, on coming to Horton, taught school awhile, and was a great favorite with the young people; he had a sense of humor, could tell a capital story, and gave good imitations. He was not then particularly religious. His parents were Episcopalians. He had heard a certain Daniel Miner preach, in Connecticut, and was somewhat impressed. While visiting an uncle, who was a Deacon, he felt the urge to be a minister,—felt that he was chosen to preach. Before this, the thoughts of becoming a minister had been furthestmost from his mind. There were few churches, at this time, on this continent. About the beginning of the 17th Century, in England, there arose a deep current of re-





ligious feeling. Revivals, at different periods, bore relation to each one that followed, and this religion was transformed by the Puritans, to the wilds of New England.

There were good men, like Jonathan Edwards, in early New England, and there were fanatics, whose eccentricities carried them to great extremes. One pastor of a church, in Long Island, New York, a man of lively imagination, seems to have been more of a destroyer than a builder. On invitation, he arrived at New London, Connecticut, in 1743; came, in obedience from God, dreams, messages and otherwise, to purify the people from their evils. Idolized worldly things, such as wigs, cloaks, breeches, hoods, gowns, rings, jewels and necklaces, he ordered to be brought and laid on a heap in his room, and by solemn decree, committed to flames. One March afternoon certain unsafe religious books were carried by his followers to the wharf, to be burned, and as the smoke ascended, so the smoke ascended to the torment of their authors, who lived in the same belief. Among the authors were Beveridge, Flavel; Doctors Increase Mather, Coleman, Sewall and the Reverend Jonathan Parsons, of Lyme County. The next day more books were destroyed. One of the party persuaded the others to save their good clothes, as he noticed that their leader had contributed to the sacrifice only a pair of old plush breeches.

The first evangelist in Nova Scotia was Henry Aline, who was born in Rhode Island while as yet it retained its connection with Great Britain. In early youth he migrated, with his family, to Nova Scotia. Like Whitefield and others, he had no established rules, but





was impelled by a religious Knight-errantry to proclaim the Gospel when opportunity offered, and not attach to any sect. He preached repentance and faith. The subject of baptism he left to the individual conscience. His followers organized into communities, resembling Congregational churches, and were generally called New Lights. Sometimes contempt and persecution followed his steps but none of this moved him. Mr. Alline did much good. He died in New Hampshire, in 1784, at the age of thirty-six, while touring New England. Harris Harding, in an indirect way, was his successor.

During Mr. Harding's early ministry there happened to be a revival in a town where Mr. Harding was to preach. On his arrival there he found people parading the streets at night, waiting for the end of the world. After a few weeks some order and harmony was restored by Mr. Harding. Some people had been very angry because he would not preach against frills, feathers and other adornment of dress. But he would not interfere with the personal affairs of people.

The pastor was often minister, evangelist and missionary combined. He preached without regular salary, sometimes refusing same; sharing in both prosperity and business depressions of the people. About 1785, Mr. Harding was on his way to Cumberland. He was visiting at the home of Mr. Loring De Wolf, of Windsor, Nova Scotia, who showed hospitality to the friends of religion. A vessel was at the wharf, going directly to Cumberland, owned by a wealthy and influential sea-captain there, to whom Mr. De Wolf referred Mr. Harding. With only a pistareen in his pockets; with-





out purse or script, our evangelist embarked to a strange place. The master of the vessel was a rough man. The vessel dropped down at Windsor with the tide. In the morning, touching at Horton, Mrs. B. was taken aboard, mother-in-law of the good-natured, though unconverted Captain, to whose care Mr. Harding had been commended. The lady was an Episcopalian, and was not very cordial to Mr. Harding, a sort of renegade of her church. Nine o'clock, and no breakfast. Mr. Harding trod the deck unnoted. Just then, Mrs. B. politely invited him to partake with her, desiring him to also ask a blessing on their food. Mr. Harding found a warm friend in the Captain, to whom Mr. De Wolf had referred him and he was one of his first converts. Mr. Harding preached in hamlet and village. Some who "came to scoff, remained to pray." He later revisited the places, and in the vicinity the basis was laid for the foundation of Baptist churches. In this neighborhood also, he was ordained and here he met the lady who became his wife. In 1800, Theodore S. Harding visited these parts and administered the ordinance of believer's baptism, reaping where the former had sowed.

During Mr. Harding's early itinerency, an incident occurred which he recounted, himself, with glee. It was at Amherst, N. B. While going about his work, a special meeting of Presbyterians, who were not then possessed of much evangelical zeal, was held in the vicinity, at the court house. Harris Harding had been called a genius, and the ministers eyed him with dislike. If they could have put him down they would have judged that they were doing a good service. How-





ever, Mr. Harding's youth and inexperience seemed to invite the attempt. It was made. A more or less formal court of some sort, a church court was convened, and Mr. Harding was summoned to appear before it. He went. He was closely examined, and credentials urgently demanded. What could this youth, then an unordained minister, say to the grave and reverend seignors. He had no other documents with him, excepting his letter written by Mr. De Wolf, but by his faith and shrewdness, he triumphantly passed his ordeal. He rehearsed before his examiners the second chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. This chapter he said contained his credentials, and avowed his conviction that the God who had called Paul to his work, had also called him to his. From this ground he could not be driven, and the solemn affair not only proved a failure, but degenerated into a farce. Among the spectators of these proceedings, was an Irish Roman Catholic lawyer. He had a little family. He considered Baptism more of a personal matter, than that of the church. He had a theory of his own, that where a priest could not be obtained, that the all-important and regenerating rite might be administered by any one, without prejudice as to its efficacy. Influenced by these views, he applied to some of the ministers to baptize his children. But alas, he had no part in the covenant, and his offspring were not entitled to its "seals." The ministers refused his request. This grieved the lawyer, and now the opportunity came for revenge. The controversy between Mr. Harding and the ministers had begun to flag, when the lawyer opened upon the latter. He taunted them with their un-





successful assault upon the “stripling” as he styled Mr. Harding, who, he said, had completely confounded and “silenced them.” He advised them for the future to attend to their proper duties, and let the New Lights alone; since even this youth had proved more than a match for their collective wisdom and knowledge. He added, that if, as they contended, their system was scriptural, their whole practice was wrong. The force of spite, and the enrichment of Irish brogue, contributed to give effect to this burst of sarcasm. The Sanhedrin were baffled, and the fame and usefulness of their intended victim, was greatly enhanced.

Mr. Harding soon after went to Liverpool, Nova Scotia, and spent much time there. It was here he was married. He later went to Yarmouth, and also Shelbourne, which was quite a town. It was thought it would become the seat of government. The mixed population included Friends, from Nantucket, who had settled there before the American Revolution; disbanded military men, who had gone there after the Revolutionary war, wealthy planters and merchants, who had made sacrifices for their British loyalty; also soldiers of His Majesty’s garrison, and sailors of the royal navy; and a few of the negro race. This little city had its printing offices and theatres. It was like an English town, and most of the population were Episcopalians. Mr. Harding also went to Barrington, Argyle, and Tusket. Then he thought his work was over. His personal appearance was in strong contrast to the portliness of his later days. He was bleeding at the lungs, and his voice seemed nearly gone; he could only speak in a whisper. He was pale and thin, but he mir-





aculously recovered his health and became quite rugged again.

Our early evangelists and ministers, in the absence of roads, had to travel, Indian fashion, by the help of blazed trees, content to journey by "the high road, the cross road, or through the forest, where there was no road at all." These men, with no home missionary organization to lean upon, went forth, staff in hand and little besides, to thread their way through the woods, sometimes on horseback, sometimes wearing snowshoes,—traversing the waters or following the winding of the shore, seldom enjoying the luxury of a public road, or a carriage. Then at nightfall, far away from human dwellings, their only shelter, a brush camp. Although faring poorly sometimes; with self denial, and the zeal of the Apostles of old, they held on until they had fulfilled their missions. Mr. Harding was once making his way through the woods in company with another man, when they were overtaken by a violent snow storm. They had lost their trail and the blaze disappeared. They could not proceed, and it was dangerous to remain where they were. They were compelled to camp out. Without an axe they could not make a hut; without tinder-box they could procure neither light nor fire. Finally they found some light shelter, and there they tarried. But not to sleep; for had they done so they might never have awakened. So they got through the night as best they could, and waited. At daybreak, the storm being over, they found their track and reached their destination.

Although not particularly impressed by dreams, or sudden impulses, Mr. Harding recorded a dream he had





just before going to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the place that was to know his footsteps and the echo of his voice for so long. Mr. Harding dreamed he was on board a small sailboat with a Deacon and a number of other friends, at Horton; he stood upon the gunwale of the boat, a spear in hand. The sun shone with peculiar brightness, while they were running before a pleasant breeze at a little distance from the delightful shore. The water was clear as crystal; white and shining fishes could be seen at the bottom, which he was continually catching with the spear. His friends, he thought, were sitting speaking of Christ's love for a fallen world, their cheeks bathed in tears, though apparently filled with peace and joy. The Deacon said to him, "you catch every fish you strike." He replied, "I miss none." He fished until he had the boat filled, and then had a delicious feast with his disciples. He awoke in a joyful frame of mind. He was going thither to fish for men. The dream was a good omen.

Mr. Harding first visited Yarmouth, in 1790. In 1791 he married Mehitable Harrington, daughter of Benjamin Harrington, of Liverpool, and had six sons and five daughters. When Mr. Harding first came to Yarmouth, on an evangelistic tour, he had no access to the regular place of worship and found some opposition at first. One religious denomination, feeling as if the privileges of their standing order were in danger, "speaking after the New England fashion, made an unusual effort and sent to the neighboring states for two ministers to counteract Mr. Harding's influence." They came while our evangelist was at work, and occupied a meeting house without purpose. Mr.





Harding obtained a hold upon the people which he never lost, and his influence remained to later days.

In 1797 Mr. Harding settled permanently at Yarmouth. Yarmouth was once called Cape Orsue or Cape Forsue, properly Cape Fourchu, The Forked Cape, from the peculiar shape of the headland to the west of its harbor,—later a centre of business. Besides the Episcopal body, there was a Congregational church formed in Yarmouth on September 2nd, 1767, its members, except two, from the North of Ireland, were from New England. Another Congregational church was located three miles distant, at Chebogue, with the Reverend Jonathan Scott as pastor. At Chebogue, Mr. Harding began his course, preaching at the homes of Mrs. Strickland, and Messrs. Rogers, Holmes, Cain and Benjamin Brown. An Unique account of some of Mr. Harding's services there, was preserved, consisting of a series of Scripture passages, principally from Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus; well selected and combined—producing a sublime effect.

Reverend I. Payzant, of Cornwallis, who had formed a church on the New Light basis, at Onslow, decided to leave, and Mr. Harding accepted an invitation to go there. At Onslow, Mr. Harding was ordained. Among those present was the venerable Doctor Lynde, of Truro, then approaching his ninetieth year. A boat, in charge of Mr. Crandall, conveyed many who wished to take part in the services. The text was from Timothy:

“To all Churches of Christ, and to all people, where God,  
in his Providence shall call him, to improve these gifts.  
He has given him.





"Onslow, 16th. September, 1794

"(signed,)

"The Church of Onslow,

"Thomas Lynds,

"John Lynds,

"Joshua Higgins,

"Deacons.

"The Church of Chester,

"Joseph Dimock, Pastor."

Thomas and John Lynds were brothers; their father was also Thomas Lynds. Among notes from the church-book are the following: "October 12, 1795.—The church sent Mr. Harris Harding, Messrs. Thomas and John Lynds, to assist in the ordination of Mr. Edward Manning; being called on for our assistance."

Mr. Harding seems to have been the pastor until July, 1798, when they perhaps gave him up to labor at Yarmouth. We see how some of the fathers managed their church affairs. Mr. Harding began his labours in 1797. He had brought his family there to make a permanent abode, which extended about fifty-six years. For two years, Mr. Harding toiled at the primitive tabernacle, the general interest in his ministry increasing. Here was the centre, rather than the seat, of his activities. The following details of Mr. Harding's first small meeting-house in Yarmouth is supplied:— It was at the corner of Starr's road, towards Milton and not more than a mere shell; was never finished in or out. The floor consisted of boards, loosely laid down. Boards, too, supported by blocks, formed its seats. Within was a carpenter's bench, which did duty as a ministerial desk. It never knew the comfort of a stove. It was reared for the most part by contributions. Some gave timber, some glass, some shingles,





some labor and a few money. It accommodated about three hundred persons. This was the humble beginning of the Baptists there,—valuable recollections. The church is very much improved today. Mr. Harding also taught school at Yarmouth,—the first three years, for the support of his family. And Mr. Harding also obtained a better Meeting-house.

Theodore S. Harding and Joseph Crandal visited Yarmouth on an evangelizing tour. They journeyed on foot, around by the winding of the shore of Funday. It was the best track they could find. They put up at Gegogan, at the house of a Mr. Richard Rose. On the Sabbath day they preached at Mr. Harding's. The house overflowed with the crowds that gathered. Then arose the question, "Why cannot we go into the Meeting-house," in which at this time there seems to have been no regular preaching. A messenger was dispatched for the keys. They were refused. But the people were not to be thwarted. They put a little boy through one of the windows, who pushed back the bolt of the lock and literally stole an entrance into the house, from which they were not afterwards ejected, although some stood out against what they called the "New Light invasion." The meeting-house was as yet unfinished, but would accomodate about five hundred people. It was later improved and enlarged. An incident is told of this meeting-house, which happened soon after the visit of the above named evangelists. The key of the house was still retained, on behalf of the Congregational body. Yet the "New Lights" could not be kept out of it. One Saturday night, a man was set to watch their proceedings, and if possible, to forestall them. But





alas, he was only mortal, and slept when he should have been awake. Meanwhile, a Mr. Shaw quietly crept to the outside of the house, reared a ladder at the end of the pulpit, introduced himself through the window and caught Mr. G napping. He awoke him with the taunting question. "Have you not overslept yourself this morning?"

Mr. and Mrs. Harding were both baptised and from that time were identified with the Baptists. Argyle, Hebron, Barrington, Digby, all knew Mr. Harding. The Reverend Theodore Harding, supposed by some to be a brother of Reverend Harris Harding, was a distant cousin. Both had family characteristics but never met until both had become ministers. An anecdote is told of these two Hardings riding along a narrow trail. Reverend Theodore called to Reverend Harris, who galloped up to him, thinking to hear some great bible expounding, but to his surprise heard this, "Say Harris, doesn't Mrs. B. make nice biscuits." Among the many converts made by Mr. Harding, through revivals or otherwise, was Edmond Jacob Reis, native of a fine French family. He had been in the French Naval service. Having been captured by the British, he had been brought as a prisoner-of-war to Halifax. He took up the study of the English language and in his zeal would often study by moonlight. He became quite proficient in his studies. He came to Yarmouth in the early 1800's, it would seem like breaking his parole. Agreeable and vivacious, a model Frenchman, he was also a fine dancer and popular with the young people of the place. He read his bible through in seven days and was preparing to study for the ministry. His for-





mer friends turned against him, such is human nature, and wanted him sent back to Halifax, as a trespassing prisoner-of-war. Mr. Reis's former friends, no longer loyal, became his persecutors, now that he no longer contributed to their pleasures. A good man, Judge Lent, of Tusket, about to go to Halifax to attend to his parliamentary duties, took Mr. Reis with him as his servant. Arrived at the seat of government, he obtained for him a regular discharge from imprisonment. It is said that the story he told when he appeared before the Chief Justice was like that of Paul before Agrippa and affected the court even to tears. His threatened freedom being now secured, he returned to Yarmouth, to his chosen work there. He had been reared a Roman Catholic. A little later he received ordination from the Nova Scotia Baptist Association. After ministering to churches in Nova Scotia he came to the States, and about 1812, a Missionary Board at Boston sent him to New Orleans. On his way, he and a son of Dr. Gano, of Providence, Rhode Island, narrowly escaped with their lives, being beset while traversing vast tracts of unbroken country, by four Indians, belonging to a tribe then at war with the American Government. He remained at New Orleans, which had a French Catholic population, a short time, and then went to Baltimore where he was co-pastor with the Rev. Lewis Richards, of the First Baptist Church, in that city. He died there, February 1, 1832, in his eightieth year.

Mr. Harding, in his youth, showed nothing of the stamina of later years. He was of light complexion, with blue eyes and of medium stature. His countenance reflected honesty and kindly understanding. His genial





philosophy won him many friends. He had a gift of imagination; was not much on argument, but could embarrass a foe; was shrewd and had an excellent memory. He was eloquent and had a powerful voice of much dramatic power which gave him great skill in narrative and description, always accompanied with much gesticulation and movement to and fro. His audiences were often moved to tears. Age scarcely subdued him in the pulpit, even when past eighty-five years of age. He was a great conversationalist and delighted young and old with his delightful anecdotes at the fireside. Once while preaching from the Aspostle Paul, one of his bible favorites, as he quoted that portion of the verse, "Paul, Paul, why persecuteth thou me?," a Newfoundland dog named Paul, walked up the aisle of the Church, to the pulpit, and looked wistfully into the minister's face!

The following is from "The account of the Rise and Progress of the First Baptist Church, in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, by Elder Harris Harding.

*And he said, whereunto shall we liken the Kingdom of God? Or with what comparison shall we compare it. It is like a grain of mustard seed, which when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth. But when it be sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all seeds, and shooteth out great branches, etc., Mark IV. 30, 31, 32.*

"It seemed good unto me, and it is also the request of some who fear the Lord, I will give the outlines of the gracious dealings, and sweet manifestations of Devine grace, abounding towards the inhabitants of Yarmouth." The church, under Mr. Harding's care,





had grown into a large body, with members scattered over a wide extent of country. When Mr. Harding was seventy years of age, he had as Co-pastor, in 1830, Reverend William Burton. This relation was maintained until 1853, a period of twenty-three years. The zeal of the senior pastor had wrought well with the pulpit talent and tempered the judgment of the junior. The Church, with more than seven hundred members, had long united with the Nova Scotia Baptist Association, which met at intervals.

It is believed that the Temperance Society, formed in Nova Scotia, in 1828, was the first in British America.

A vessel was wrecked about thirteen miles from Yarmouth, and copies were found of Doctor Lyman Beecher's sermon on intemperance. About this time, during the winter and spring, a visitation of sickness fell upon Yarmouth and vicinity, carrying off many victims. Mr. Harding attended five funerals in one week, and doctors had one hundred patients at one time, under their care. Almost every family was bereaved of one or more. They called the disease erysipelas. Mrs. Harding was attacked, and almost died. The sickness left her a cripple for the rest of her days.

A desire was expressed by several of the churches that the old Baptist ministers in the Provinces should have their likenesses painted, to be placed at the Institution, at Horton. This portrait of Mr. Harding is in Acadia College, if not destroyed by recent fires. Mr. Harding journeyed to Halifax, accompanied by the son of Mr. Burton, the assistant pastor of his church. Although eighty-five years of age he preached at





places on the way, sometimes twice a day. He visited among his friends, attended conferences, attended the examinations at Acadia College, preached at the Baptist Chapel, at Dartmouth, and crossed over from Dartmouth and preached in the Granville Street Chapel; and later attended the Association at Bridgetown, at which sometimes forty-seven members congregated.

The latter days of Mr. Harding were darkened with domestic sorrow. He lost a son in 1831. In March, Lodwick Harding was swept overboard at sea by the swinging of the main boom of the vessel, which he commanded. He was drowned at the age of twenty-nine years. On the following Lord's Day, after he received news of the loss of his son, he preached from the words of Eli, "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." Mr. Harding survived four other of his children, but he felt keenly the loss of this son, the first breach in the family circle. On that same Lord's Day the vessel from which his son had perished entered the port of Yarmouth, with her colors at half-mast, as is usual on such occasions. At this same time the congregation was entering the church. This church stands on Main Street, overlooking the water, in the distance. The congregation with some emotion, listened to their pastor, and much sympathy was felt for both Mr. and Mrs. Harding. Although this tragic event occurred before Easter Sunday, a ballad of twenty years ago is recalled.

#### THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

One Easter Sunday morning, when the sun was shining clear  
And good folks to the Old Church came, the parson's prayers to  
hear,  
They little knew while seated there upon that blessed day,





A human life was ending in a home just O'er the way.

CHORUS

*The minister was preaching  
His good and sacred teaching,  
The congregation sat in ecstasy;  
The bells had just ceased ringing,  
The choir sweetly singing  
Nearer, my God to thee.*

In 1833 Mr. Harding lost another son, Smith Harding, who died in New York. He married a niece of President Van Buren.

Mr. Harding had co-operated with his Baptist brethren in the founding of the Institutions at Wolfville and subscribed annual maintenance of Acadia College. He was interested in the students, but did not like to see learning exalted above religion. During his last illness he was informed of a new minister coming there, other than a Baptist, a learned man. He said, "I wonder what people mean by sending to England and Scotland for ministers, with their Latin, Greek and Hebrew." On being reminded that his informer was both born and trained in England, replied, "Oh!" his shrewdness and eloquence coming to his aid, "I don't object to the Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew; but let them be placed at the feet of Jesus, and not inscribed, as by Pilate, over his head."

An instance of the many deeds of kindness by Mr. Harding was learned after looking through his letters after his death. It was the year 1843, that a boy lay dying of consumption. He had been staying with a family by the name of Porter, who treated the lad as one of their own. A short time before the death of the boy, Mr. Harding heard of him, and did everything he could





to cheer the boy in his last days. Mr. Harding wrote to the boy's mother, who little thought when her boy left England, in health to seek his fortune in the New World, that he would die far away from family ties, the ocean dividing them. Mr. Harding received a beautiful letter in return from a grateful mother in England. The letters are given below:

To Mrs. Mary Toone, London, England,  
Yarmouth, January 20, 1842

My dear Madam:—

Although a stranger, I am impelled by duty to yourself and to the memory of your dear son, to address to you a few lines. Your son the late Thomas Toone, arrived at Mr. Ebenezer Porter's, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on the sixth of November last, in the last stages of a consumptive disorder; languishing under which for twenty-four days, at length he died, we trust in the triumphs of faith over death and the grave. Oh Madam, he apparently had such glorious discoveries of an immortality of joy and heavenly pleasure in Christ Jesus, as quite to swallow up the pains of dissolution and make him long to depart, and be with Christ. He desired that his dear mother and friends might know, how happy Christ had made him in a dying hour; and requested Mr. and Mrs. Porter to write to his mother to meet him in the day of judgement, at the right hand of God. I visited him for a week before he died; and indeed Madam, I never saw a more humble penitent. I must say too, it was a mercy to be received into the kind family of Mr. and Mrs. Porter; as he could not have experienced greater attention nor more marked sympathy, and Christian affection, no! not in his own mother's house. I attended his funeral, and preached his funeral sermon, the third day after his decease, to a respectable and deeply affected auditory. . .

I am, dear Madam, yours truly,  
HARRIS HARDING

Mrs. Toone To Mr. Harding,

London, January 4, 1843

Dear Sir:—

I have at length undertaken to answer your very kind letter; which I have delayed until now, not knowing how





to express my gratitude for the kind interest you have taken in the welfare of my dear departed son. For although a parent, I received the account of his decease with feelings of sorrow and regret, particularly as I did not witness his end; yet I cannot but feel thankful that the Lord was graciously pleased to manifest his mercy towards him, and enabled him to give an encouraging testimony, before he left this vale of tears to join the song of the ransomed, unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, etc. Nor can I help feeling thankful to the Providence that directed him to those kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Porter: to whom I desire to be gratefully remembered. And as it is probable that we shall never see each other in the flesh, that we may meet where parting will not be known or feared any more, is the earnest desire of:

Your grateful and much obliged handmaid,

MARY TOONE.

This occasion must have recalled to Mr. Harding's memory the death of two of his own sons, who died within a few years of each other, in youth and away from their parents. The above story might remind us today of "the unknown soldier."

Lines from Gray's Elegy are recalled:

Perhaps in this secluded spot is laid  
Some heart once preguant with celestial fire;  
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed  
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

#### THE EPITAPH

Here rests a head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fame and to fortune unknown;  
For science found not in his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.





Large was his bounty and his soul sincere  
Heaven did a recompence as largely send  
He gave to misery all he had, a tear,  
He found from heaven, t'was all he asked, a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dead abode,  
There they alike the trembling hope repose  
The bosom of his father and his God.

A minister, friend of Mr. Harding, recalled accompanying him from Wolfville to Bridgetown, to attend an association in 1846. They came to a certain water and Father Harding said: "Fifty years ago I was riding on horseback and there was a bridge over this river; therefore, my horse, as I crossed, drank from the stream. A little girl came down to the river to draw water; she told her mother about the ministers. Sixteen years later the little girl, a woman grown, and her mother, met Mr. Harding again; this time, knowing who he was. This aged Patriarch, who had made more converts than anyone else, on former evangelistic tours, was honored as if he were their governor. He had the Harding characteristic of originality, and was far ahead of the times. His humane understanding won the hearts of all; all demoniations vied with each other in their mark of respect, regardless of all ecclesiastical etiquette, in this last picturesque decade of his life. Mr. Harding was a remarkable man to the end of his days. One man gazing at his snow-white hair and benevolent features, said he could not help thinking of the Apostle John, and the tradition of his being borne into the assemblies of the church in his latter days.

In the summer of 1853, one Lord's Day morning,





Mr. Harding found his way up the aisle of the meeting-house, ascended the pulpit and said to the minister about to open the service. "I should like to preach this morning." For a man in his ninety-second year, he conducted an efficient service. He discoursed upon the parable of the ten Virgins. His sermons abounded with short sayings—some of them are. "We don't always criticize as heaven will by and by." "To meet with Christ, is more than all the meetings in the world. Christ in his ordinance makes it sweet." "Christians do more oftentimes to scatter souls from Christ, than the unconverted do." "Where there's no love, there's no grace, there's a crown of faith laid up for them that love him." "Unbelief is the worst sin that a man can commit. If God loves you he loves you unchangeably. He does not love you for your frames and feelings; he loves you for His name's sake." "If you don't love holiness, you don't love God."

Up to the eighty-fifth year of his life father Harding retained much of his healthy vigor. In the winter of 1851-2 in his ninety-first year Mr. Harding was prostrated by a serious illness from which none but he expected that he would recover. But recover he did; and for more than a year, travelled around his home, preaching as he had strength and opportunity. In the autumn of 1853, he was taken with a severe cold that was prevalent in the neighborhood. In November he was confined to his house. It was hard for one so active to fail in strength, which was noticed by friends who assembled at his home to cheer him. For more than three months Mr. Harding lingered on, upheld by a strong constitution, yielding slowly to infirmity.





About the end of February 1854, he was attacked by inflammation of the bladder. This was the last blow, and in a few days his earthly career was ended. His sufferings were intense, and opiates were administered, soothing the pain but stupefying the mind. His doctor, who found an operation necessary, remarked about the penalties of "old age." "A penalty, no," he quickly replied, "say rather a privilege." He was losing utterance and said little. A few days before his death some of his oldest surviving friends paid him a visit and during his declining hours he said that in his youth he had never dreamed of being a preacher but felt rather that God had chosen him out of the depths of his own heart for His Name's sake. "He loved me, and for that reason He called me by His grace, and taught me to tell His love to others;" kept him to that day, assuring him of support and deliverance to the end. "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Some of his last words were: "God over all, God all in all, blessed for evermore." Exhausted, he fell back upon the pillow. Once before leaving our sphere, Father Harding's declining sun shone out in all the light and splendor of departing glory, and he seemed more like his old self. He had been having periods of coma from which he would awake to new and severe suffering; but now, it was otherwise. On his return to consciousness, he was comparatively free from pain; he realized that the time of his departure was at hand and was ready and pleased to go. Shortly before his death, some friends paid him a visit. His mind was unusually clear and collected. Never in his best days did he better express





himself on religion. He is said to have been favored with a vision not wholly unlike that which gladdened the last hours of the protomartyr Stephen, while he was privileged to reflect upon others the splendors which beamed upon his own spirit. This was on Thursday, March 2. Until his death he was in pain, his strength declined, his mind became clouded. It seemed as though nothing but medicine kept life within him. On Monday evening, March 6, he awoke from unconsciousness, in severe pain and lived only from moment to moment. At this time he called his son "Israel," by name, which was the last distinct word he spoke. In about half an hour he returned to unconsciousness. Once more he revived and tried to speak; his words were unintelligible but were supposed to be a prayer. After six hours there was renewed anguish, but of shorter continuance than before, which gradually subsided, and about midnight reached its close. Father Harris Harding, in the ninety-third year of his life, passed into his last sleep.

Mr. Harding's remains were committed to the earth on the Saturday following his decease, March 11th. The funeral was conducted in a style in striking harmony with the character of the man. Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, Free Christian, Free-will Baptist, in addition to Baptist ministers, officiated as pall-bearers on the occasion, and in other ways assisted in the solemn rites. The funeral services were conducted by Reverend John Davis, (biographer of Mr. Harding, a few years later), in the Baptist Meeting House, in the presence of a large congregation, composed of people of all the religious de-





nominations in the community, Roman Catholics not excepted. The basis of his discourse was selected from Gen. xliv. 18. "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." Harris Harding was gathered to his fathers, leaving behind a fragrance—a memory imperishable. For seventy years he had labored and was loved by people of all persuasions and those of none; all had shared in his unwearied attentions. At the time of his death Mr. Harding was Senior Pastor of the First and Second Baptist Church, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Soon after his death a monument was erected to him by people of the vicinity.

When the Reverend Theodore S. Harding lay near his end, Doctor Cramp applied to him for such information as he might possess respecting Harris Harding. "Recollections of Harris Harding" are reported of a conversation with Father T. S. Harding, March 10, 1854. He did not know Harris Harding until after he became a preacher. Thinks he was a native of Horton. Harris Harding was a schoolmaster in Cornwallis, when he was converted. That was in the time of the New Light stir; and most probably under the ministry of Mr. Payzant. He soon began to preach, and was an intinerant preacher for some time; laboring chiefly at first in the countries of Colchester, Cumberland and Westmoreland, N. B. He was ordained at Onslow. He frequently itinerated in Hants and Kings counties, and was a very popular and useful preacher. After he settled in Yarmouth, his journeyings were more confined to the Western District. As a preacher he was not methodical, but dwelt mostly on the experimental part of religion, and greatly excelled in it. His great





fort was telling stories. He was full of anecdotes. He was eminently useful in the conversion of sinners; perhaps more so than any man in the country. He would sometimes seem to prophesy and mark out people that he thought might be converted, and had an uncommon spirit of discernment in that way. He was clear in doctrine. He did not go into any of the corruptions into which some of the New Lights fell. He did not interfere in worldly affairs. He was great in conversation and would fetch up religion when no one else could. When he entered a house, he had always something to say to everyone, especially to the young, and generally something striking. If Father Manning had been here he could have told you about him. They travelled together a good deal before they became Baptists. These two Harding ministers met for the last time on earth at an association at Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. Reverend Theodore died shortly after Reverend Harris Harding. Father Manning was the first of the three to pass on. Mrs. Harris Harding died in 1860, surviving her husband six years. Mrs. Mary Harding Peck, of Johnstown, Licking County, Ohio, beloved sister of Reverend Harris, with whom he corresponded, died a few years after her brother. Reverend Harris Harding was the greatgrandfather of the writer of this book. The children of Reverend Harris were: James, who died in 1862, unmarried; Benjamin, born 1798, married 1821, his cousin Margaret Ann Harding, daughter of Israel. Lodowick was lost at sea; Smith, married Mary Van Buren; Sarah, married Robert Brown, son of John, of Hamilton, on the Clyde, Scotland,—brother of Honorable Staley Brown, of the





Executive and Legislative Councils of Nova Scotia; Mary Alice, married Thomas Doane Chipman, son of Deacon Zachariah; Israel, married Elizabeth Flint, daughter of Captain David, died 1880; Elizabeth, married Reverend James Lent, of Tusket, son of James, died in 1862. William, died at sea in 1837. Tracy G., married Sarah Cochran of New York, died 1840. Mehetable, married in 1839, Henry Lavers, of Hants County, N. B., and died in 1897.

Benjamin Harding, son of Reverend Harris, acquired a fortune with his invention of an imitation marble. He settled in New York. The ladies of the family were of the stately blonde type and considered the most beautiful in New York. Prominent grandchildren of Reverend Harris Harding include Smith Harding, collector of the Port of Yarmouth, who is 85 years old, and still retains his many interests in life. Other grandchildren were the late Charles Lavers, President of the Shoe and Leather Exchange and his brother George Lavers, and John Brown, who died in the Civil War.

A Mrs. Haley, 94 years of age (1934) remembers Reverend Harris Harding driving about in his quaint old horse rig. When asked if he was a good preacher she replied, "He was."

FOR THE HEARLD ABOUT 1896  
TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR OLD GRANDPA

*Rev. Harris Harding*

Far back in my childhood's broken past  
There hang in memory's halls,  
Full many a picture, bright or dim,  
On the strangely time-grimed walls.





A few there are where the light falls free  
One is of an old man's face  
With eyes the shade of Heaven's own blue,  
And locks of the snow to grace.

A face with the Christ-spirit written o'er  
In the love that he taught below,  
The love that blessed each fellow man  
Where'er that face did go.

How happy we at the eventide,  
When we gathered around his chair,  
To hear the amusing anecdotes  
That he held in amazing share.

Would hear how in days of the long gone by  
A prisoner held was he,  
On a British man-of-war, because  
A spy was thought to be.

And he told to us, but not to them,  
That a letter was in his care  
To be delivered, if safe he went,  
Or if caught in the enemy's snare,

It should find a place in the darkened caves,  
Where the seaweeds grow and thrive,  
But no one found that errand lad  
Would yield his trust and live.

And he told us how by the blazed tree's path  
He journeyed from town to town,  
Ere the Indian trail with the pioneers  
To a country road had grown.

And he told of visits to Truro town  
To the churches near and far,  
And to Liverpool where he found his bride,  
Of his life a shining star.

And of brother this and sister that—  
He was full of churchly lore—  
For he worshipped God with all his heart,  
And served Him evermore.

And the first of the world's great  
 That is at the heart of the world  
 And the first of the world's great  
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He taught us lessons of truth and love,  
His life was a light divine,  
All through my childhood and my youth  
I see his graces shine.

Yes; we loved him for all his saintly ways,  
So I like to look back again  
And gaze on that dear and noble face  
That bore no spot nor stain.

But I never shall see that form again,  
So bent with the weight of years,  
So precious to me as the home of a soul  
That lived in love, not tears.

But when the curtains are parted wide  
And see bright heaven through,  
I shall find old age has fallen away,  
Then our friendship we'll renew,

No more a child the one, no more  
The snow-white crown of time,  
Together we'll recount the years  
In the blessed spirit clime.

*Signed by M. A. CONDON.*

Sarah Harding, daughter of Reverend Harris, married in 1824, Captain Robert Brown, who died at sea in 1854; son of John Brown, of Hamilton, Scotland, who came to the United States in 1812, and later became a shipowner in Canada. The ancestral home of the Browns had been for more than twenty generations about twenty miles from Glasgow, and they claimed descent from the first Louis, of France. They used the Fleur-de-Lys in their coat of arms. The Browns were related to the Hamiltons, and their entailed lands were adjacent to the vast possessions of the Dukes of Hamilton, to whom land was granted by Robert Bruce.

The origin of the Fleur-de-Lys is told: A holy her-





mit visioned from his window a sky-blue banner inscribed with the Fleur-de-Lys, and King Clovis hearing the story, through his wife, adopted this emblem of Christianity and used it after being victorious (486 A. D.). The emblem was used on coins and banners up to the revolution.

Brown (Le Brun) is a Norman name. Agnes Brown, auburn-haired, brown-eyed daughter of Gilbert Brown of Ayrshire, lover of songs and ballads, was the mother of Robert Burns the Scottish poet, whose birthday comes two days after the writer's.

Mrs. Sarah Harding Brown lived in the brick Colonial house on Main Street, (still standing) until her death in 1895, at the age of ninety-one years, at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. The Brown estate, "Draffan," at the head of Lake Hebron, named in remembrance of their Scottish home on the Nethan, passed out of the family. The eleven children of Sarah H. and John Brown were:

John, (22nd) married Sarah Bosworth, of Taunton. He joined a Massachusetts regiment and died in the Civil War, in 1862. Their children: Luella, married Charles White; Walter; Flora, married Edward Barton.

William Berkmyre, died in 1863.

Robert Balfour, born 1827, married Hannah Curtis. The children, William Henry, died in 1925; Duncan Balfour died in infancy; Roy, Anna Roberta Balfour, married Johannes Alfred Franz Abloesher, and in 1934 married Col. Thomas Cameron Lazier, at Vancouver, B. C. She is an author and artist.

Douglas Belcher, 1831-1884, married Adeline Williams, and secondly, Myra Buller, of South Dennis, Mass. He was for several years a warden of a Massachusetts prison, and a mason of high degree. Their only child was Pauline.

Janet, born 1833, married Rev. George I. Freeman, died in





Boston.

Mary Ann, born September 19, 1835, died in 1881.

Thomas Bolton, born February 28, 1838, died in May 1910. He married September 14, 1868, Letitia (Locke) Gregor, widow of William. The children of this union: Louis Corbet, married Harriet Wilson; Gertrude Langdon, died in Boston; Thomas Bolton, died April 27, 1896; Alena May, married Francis William Hartwell, of Worcester, Mass.; John Henry, died in infancy; Pansy Virginia, born in Washington, D. C., married Edwin Winslow Capen; Percy Gregor, died in Boston; Douglas Belcher, married Winifred Poole Power, in Yarmouth, N. S.

Elizabeth, born 1840, married Captain Thomas Perry. Their only child, Marguerite, married Dr. W. C. Harris, in Nova Scotia.

Herbert Huntingdon, born 1843, married Rachael Abercrombie, in Glasgow, and had Herbert, Rachael, Harris Harding, John and Hilda. Captain Brown was master and part owner of the new steel-ship *Tracian* of 2150 tons register, which, while in tow from Greenock, for Liverpool, in ballast, foundered off the Isle of Mann, in a gale, on the night of August 15, 1892. Captain Brown, his wife, and crew of 23 were lost. Captain Brown, in 1890, met an English lawyer in Antwerp, who found an old Harding will for which he had been looking two years—in a bible, belonging to the Hardings, in New Brunswick, N. J., who claimed descent from Sir William and Sir Charles Harding.

Charlotte, born 1845, married Dr. James A. Merrill, and had Douglas Balfour, Albert Alexander and Charles Edward, who died in infancy.

Sarah, died in infancy.

Thomas Bolton Brown (this writer's father), seventh child of Capt. Robert and Sarah Harding Brown, was a watchmaker and jeweler. He married in 1868, Letitia Locke Gregor, widow of William Gregor, who was a banker and son of an army surgeon. Mrs. Brown had completed her education in a school conducted by a daughter of Queen Victoria's chaplain and





was a society favorite in Halifax, then a Military and Naval base, and brilliant social centre, where she met the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. She presented a beautiful and girlish picture, in crinoline, carrying a bouquet of roses,—as she led the Grand march with a famous General. She was a wife, mother, and widow in less than two years. She had black hair, blue-gray eyes and an incomparable complexion of natural coloring. An artist once asked her if she had any Irish ancestors. She was very fond of the old song, “Eileen, Alanna Astore,” and that is probably where her daughter,—the writer, got her first name.

Mrs. Brown was born in Lockeport, Nova Scotia, daughter of Honorable Samuel Bradford Locke and niece of Senator John Locke. The Lockes, of New England ancestry, were shipowners and exporters. John Locke, born 1781, was the first white child born there; learned navigation from a retired army captain, and was the first to sail from that section in his Brig “Nova Scotia.” While on business with the Plymouth Company, he married Polly Bradford, descendant of Governor Bradford. They reared their family of boys in Lockeport, Nova Scotia, and characteristic of Puritans and Pilgrims, they erected a primitive church. Sometimes an itinerant minister, but often John Locke, conducted services, for an empty pulpit grieved them. There were benches, a table, and candles made by the Plymouth maid. This sacred edifice by the sea was replaced by a larger meeting house, but it comforted the sailors when leaving,—hardly daring to look back on childhood scenes, for the sea was an important livelihood. All knew the tragedy of the sea,—waiting for





loved ones who sailed to distant ports, sometimes not returning. "There were no back doors to run too,"—no radio, or wireless. Pirates laid in wait, about the West Indies. Writers paid tribute to the aristocratic Polly Bradford Locke, who, with only her children with her, opened the door to the wandering Micmac,—who begged food and drink. The Thomas B. Brown family lived two years in Washington, D. C., and later moved from Yarmouth, to Boston. Mrs. Brown died in 1926, and was interred in Newton cemetery, Massachusetts.

The name Israel Harding occurs among those who established a library in Milton, a suburb of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. The rules of the society were based upon those of a book club John Brown attended while living in Glasgow. The library, later, moved to land provided by Charles E. Brown. Mrs. Robert Caie and Clara Killiam generously furnished the building, and in 1889 the New Library was opened with Chief Justice Robert E. Harris occupying the chair. The President, Doctor James Farish, read an address.

In the Library and Museum, at Yarmouth now rests the famous Norse rock, with its fourteen hieroglyphic characters. A rubbing was taken from this runic inscription and was interpreted as "Harkussen men varu (Haka's son addressed the men). The name Haki was among those who accompanied Thornfinn Karlsefne, in 1007. This new information was taken from an article in the Yarmouth Herald, written by Mr. Henry Phillips, corresponding secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Philadelphia.

#### THE PLEASURE CARRIAGE

In these days of pioneering in the air, it is hard





to believe that one hundred years ago pleasure carriages were few, and it might be interesting to those who remember the first automobiles. In 1799, a gentleman introduced a carriage in a village, the first to be seen there. Its melancholy end discouraged others from having one. It lay, little used, until 1804, when a relative "tackled it up" got in, and was immediately thrown out. Again the carriage remained undisturbed for a year, when the owner once more hitched in the horse, planning to take the family for a drive. The owner got in, but was thrown out. The playful and lively horse was brought out the next year, and put on trial again,—a trying affair to all concerned. It seems that both the horse and the carriage were being tried out, when one visualizes the magnitude of the task, breaking colts in the places where the roads were a series of primitive lines round the undrawn stumps of giant forest trees. The driver skillfully avoided the stumps which studded the crooked path, when the horse after a lively run for about half a mile, suddenly bolted into the old graveyard,—evidently intending to land the pleasure carriage and its occupant in a common grave. The tombstones, standing out at every angle from the uneven surface, of the ground and the spruces, obstacles more dangerous than the "undrawn stumps"—triumphed over the skill of the driver, and the strength and comeliness of the carriage, as the intelligent and desperate animal had foreseen.





## CHAPTER XII

HENRY HARDINGE 1785-1856

**H**ENRY Hardinge, Viscount, Field Marshall and Governor-General of India, was born at the Grove, near Seven Oaks, in Wrentham, Kent. He spent his early life with two maiden aunts, who were fond of him and had him take exercises to make him taller. After attending Eton College a while, at the age of fifteen he joined the Queen's Rangers, stationed in Canada, until the Peace of Amiens. This anecdote is told: Returning from mess one day at Montreal, he saw three or four men rifling a man's pockets. The man was Ellice. When young Harding came near, in uniform, the assailants fled but were captured next day; the chief evidence against them being Harding's military pigtail; found in a pocket. Harding and Ellice were life-long friends; and both became Cabinet ministers and each was Secretary of War. Mr. Ellice belonged to the Whig party.

On one occasion, when both were on a military conference, Harding, irritated, is said to have exclaimed, in friendly manner, "Oh Ellice, I almost begin to think it would have been better if I had not saved your life on the streets of Montreal." In the Peninsular war he served on Wellington's staff, and was appointed Deputy quartermaster-general, in the Portuguese army, in reward for his gallantry at Carunna, in 1809; being present in nearly all the battles of the cam-





paign. He was wounded at Vimier and Vittoria. At Albuera, he saved the day for the British. When peace was broken, in 1815, by Napoleon's escape from Elba, Hardinge was appointed Commissioner at the Prussian headquarters. He lost his left hand at the battle of Ligny in 1815. In 1820-1825, Henry Hardinge was returned to Parliament, as a member for Durham. In 1828, he became Secretary of War in Wellington's ministry and in Peel's cabinet, 1841-43. He was also Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1844 he succeeded Lord Ellenborough as Governor-general of India, until January, 1848. The Sikh war broke out, and after the battle of Mudki, he offered to serve under Lord Gough. He manifested his old skill and bravery, and was created Viscount Hardinge, with a government pension. The East India Company voted him an annuity of £2000. He returned to England in 1848, and four years later succeeded the Duke of Wellington, as Commander-in-Chief of the British army. He had the home management of the Crimean war which he conducted on the principles of Wellington. In 1855, he was promoted to Field Marshall. Viscount Harding resigned his office of Commander-in-Chief in 1856, owing to ill health, and rode about the gardens and estate of his home, near Tumbridge Wells, where the end came that year.

Lord Henry Hardinge was the third son of Reverend Henry Hardinge, rector of Stanhope, in Durham, who married Francis, daughter of Thomas Best of Park House, Boxley, Kent. Charles, the eldest son, succeeded to the baronetcy conferred on his uncle, Sir Richard Harding, of Lorain County, Fernbagh. Sir Charles sold his Irish estate, and purchased one in





Kent, took holy orders, and held the vicarage from 1809, until his death in 1864. George, the second son, entered the navy in 1808, and while cruising off the coast of Ceylon, as commander of the *San Florenze* (136 guns and 186 men) fell in with the French frigate, *Piedmont*, carrying 150 guns and 566 men, was captured and boarded, and Captain George fell, mortally wounded. A monument was erected to him, at St. Paul's, by Parliament. Richard, the youngest son, was in the Royal Artillery, and saw service in the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. He rose to the rank of Major-General. Their uncle George Hardinge, lawyer, scholar and literary critic, afterwards became a member of Parliament and later a Judge of three Welch counties. The portrait of his wife, Lucy, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is one of the artist's best. His three volumes of miscellaneous writings were published by his friend, James Nichols, in 1818. His portrait was made by two of his artist friends. This family of Hardings had long settled at King's Newton, in Derbyshire, and trace their family back to the local land owners at the time of Henry VI. Sir Robert Hardinge raised a troop of horses for Charles I., and was knighted after the Restoration. There is a monument to him at a Melbourne church, of Norman architecture. King's Newton Hall was burned in 1563, leaving only ruins of Tudor architecture. The land passed to Lord Melbourne, in 1796, and later to Lord Cowper.





## CHAPTER XIII

### WARREN HARDING 1865-1923

**W**ARREN Gamaliel Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States, was born in Blooming Grove, Morrow County, Ohio, November 2, 1865. He attended the Ohio Central College, 1879-82. He entered the newspaper business in 1884, publishing the Marion Star, Marion, Ohio. He was a member of the Ohio Senate, 1900-04 and Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, 1904-06. He was Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1910, but was defeated. Nominated Taft for the Presidency, in 1912. He was elected to the United States Senate, November 3, 1914. Resigned, in January 1921. Nominated for President in the Republican National Convention, in 1920, and elected on November 4, 1920, for the term March 4, 1921-25; receiving 404 electoral votes. He was swept into office in the most stupendous victory the Republican party ever achieved and by a monumental majority of the popular vote. He carried every Northern State east of the Mississippi and most of the Western states, on the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Harding was inaugurated President, March 4, 1921.

Six presidents, including Harding, have died in office. Warren G. Harding was one of our greatest and most beloved figures in National life. His worth will be enhanced with the passing years. He believed, like





WARREN G. HARDING





Emerson, that America was the hope of mankind, and that our whole history and that of Canada looks like the last effort of Divine Providence for the salvation of the human race. He believed in American genius. He was unselfish, a true humanitarian, and a real exponent of the lodge or fireside. Harding came into office just at dawn of World Peace. In the reconstruction period of the Nation that had been torn by the greatest of all wars. No President ever faced a similar situation. He established peace with Germany, and called to conference the allied and associated powers to consider ways to stop naval construction, for it seemed that nations were renewing quarrels and arming in fear of one another. Secretary of State Hughes' plan for limiting the size of navies was adopted, the only successful plan of its kind in history. A treaty was adopted governing the action of the powers towards their possessions of the Pacific Ocean. The post-war President faced many difficulties when he assumed office. Millions were out of work, factories were closed, and the future looked dark to men in public and private life. The Republicans wrote a protective tariff and enacted laws to stabilize industry. Business was restored to a peace time basis. In a short time there was prosperity; aid for disabled veterans and their dependants; a budget, to check extravagance in government, resulting in a reduction of the National Debt; reduction of taxation, and better organization of industry and agriculture.





## LIFT THOU THE STAR

*By Grace Gilbert*

The wise kings come, oh Lord lift thou the Star,  
To guide them from the black morass of war.

Across the firmament, immortal men  
Spread mighty wings and sing again.  
And many-languaged nations greet the morn,  
When holy peace shall in the world be born.

From the four corners of the earth they are,  
Prince of the broken sword, lift thou the Star.

## WARREN HARDING

All great men owe much to their mothers. The mother of Warren G. Harding was a Christian and cultured woman. She had been a teacher before marriage. Her son always sent his weekly offering of flowers when he could not carry them to her. She did not live to see him President of the United States.

Warren G. Harding was born November 2, 1865, on his fathers' farm, which was laid out by his great grandfather, near the village of Blooming Grove, later called Corsica, in Morrow County. He was nominated for President, on his father's birthday, and elected on his own. His home was the comfortable dwelling of a well-to-do farmer. He was the oldest child in the family, having the same duties and pleasures as other boys. When Warren was seven years old, the family moved to Caledonia, across the line, in Marion County. Five years later his father, Doctor Harding, purchased a farm east of Caledonia, in Morrow County, where Warren attended school, the "Union Schools," in Caledon-





ia, which had been recently organized. He was industrious early in life. Warren wished to raise some grain in what had been a fertile potato patch. His father allowed him to use the half acre and the result was a harvest of eighteen bushels, which he sold for eighteen dollars. In vacations he cut corn on neighboring farms and when older, worked with a team in grading the bed of the Ohio Central railroad.

To the boy working in the field, preparing for a larger sphere even a letter was an important event—words breathing of the great world that lay beyond,—he had so often visioned in his books.

At the age of sixteen he secured contracts for painting three churches in Ibernia. He not only painted the churches but grained the pews and pulpit. The story is told by C. B. Galbreath, Secretary of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Society, in his "Story of Harding." In January, 1882, Warren's father moved to Marion, Ohio. Warren arrived in the city on a mule. On his way from Caledonia, he inquired of a man, "How far is it to Marion?" "Well, it is about six miles but if you are going to ride there on that mule, it will be about twenty miles." The mule's reputation was too well known at the home town, to sell it there.

After graduating from College, he taught school a short time. He tried insurance and studied law but his experience as editor of the Ibernia Spectator had developed his aptitude for newspaper work. He found employment on the Marion Mirror, a Democratic weekly; filling every post from janitor to reporter. Harding was a Republican and a great admirer of James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight" whose dramatic person-





ality appealed to the young men of the party. He was a hero to young Harding, who proudly wore a Blaine campaign hat. The reporter was taken to task by the proprietor of the Mirror but an amiable understanding was reached in spite of the differences in politics.

In November, 1884, "The Daily Pebble" was purchased by the Star Publishing Company, together with its prospects and liabilities. The first issue of the Marion Star was in November 26, 1884. Harding put in a telephone, and after many struggles, made a success of the paper, the columns of which advanced every interest of the city.

Alexander Hamilton was another of Mr. Harding's boyhood heroes.

Harding early manifested a preference for biography and history, in literature. He was also fond of music and was a member of the Calendonia and Marion bands. The band sometimes won a prize. Warren first played the tenor horn and later the tuba and cornet.

He was not an office seeker, but when pressed into service, agreed to run for county auditor. He was defeated in this Democratic county, but made a good run. He made his first political speech in the country schoolhouse near Marion and soon after he was in demand as a political speaker. It was often predicted even then that he would some day become President of the United States.

In 1899, he was nominated for State Senator from





the district composed of Logan, Hardin, Union, Crawford, Seneca and Wyandot counties. He was elected by a majority. In the State Senate he became popular as a result of his ability and pleasing manners. He reluctantly consented to run for a second term and was renominated by a large majority.

While in the senate he delivered two addresses of note, which are in the records. The first was January 4, 1902. He placed in nomination for United States Senator, J. B. Foraker, who had already served one term. On January 29, 1902 he was chosen to speak for his party before a joint session of the senate and house of representatives, in honor of the memory of William McKinley. Harding has been said to resemble McKinley. At the close of his second term in the State Senate, Harding was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor. Senator Marcus A. Hanna controlled the convention, and Harding was with the Foraker forces, although he was well known, and Senator Hanna consented to his nomination, on the same ticket with Myron T. Herrick, the candidate for Governor. There was a strong trend towards the Republican party and both were elected by a large majority. As Lieutenant Governor, Harding presided in the State Senate, where he had served two terms.

Two years later, serious differences arose in the Republican party. Governor Herrick again headed the ticket. Harding declined nomination for lieutenant governor and gave his whole time to his newspaper. In 1910, he was nominated for governor. His party had been defeated previously, but it was thought he





could win. He made a good campaign, but the tide was against him, and he was defeated. Like many others who have risen to eminence, defeat was only temporary.

The progressive party was forming, and the Republican party became divided. Harding was with the Taft faction. The editorials of the Marion Star were most effective at this time. Whatever differences there might have been with Theodore Roosevelt, they continued close friends. At the beginning of the World War, in 1914, there was more harmony, and Harding became a candidate for United States Senator. In the November election he was triumphantly elected,—receiving seventy-three thousand votes more than the Republican candidate for governor.

All of his spare time was given to the Marion Star, which still shone brightly, with the assistance of a partner. In 1891, he married Florence King, daughter of Amos King. In 1916 Harding was chosen to preside over the National Convention of his party. In the months following, when American youths were gathering in training camps, Harding supported Wilson in emergency measures. After the Armistice, Harding turned his thoughts to a second term in the Senate, but his friends wanted him to make the race for President, and he finally consented. In the beginning, the number of delegates pledged to his support was small, but he gained strength and was nominated. He did not criticize his rival; and was always dignified. He received the largest majority ever given to a candidate for the Presidency. Ohio voters ten years before, had defeated





him for governor.

At the Republican National Convention Governor Frank Willis's voice, of Ohio, boomed pleasantly addressing the convention, "Boys and Girls," briefly:

The record of Ohio's candidate is the record of the Republican party for the last decade. He fought for an American Merchant Marine to carry our commerce under the American flag to all parts of the earth; he helped bear the burden and heat of the day in the struggle for the rehabilitation of American industry. He is one of the common folks, best loved by those who know him best. With no working capital, other than his own ability and his capacity for toil, he has built up a prosperous business, employing many men, and in his shop, where he works side by side with his men, there has never been an hour of labor trouble in twenty-five years of co-operation. He is a stalwart, fighting Republican, who believes in the efficacy of representative government, under party sponsorship. His face is towards the future. He is not only a progressive, he is a performing progressive.

On July 22, 1920, the Presidential candidate was notified of his nomination,—the customary thirty days after the event. Distinguished guests and newspaper men were entertained at the Marion Club. After the official notification, crowds went to the park to hear the acceptance speech. The town was gay with flags, banners and pictures of Harding. Under a spluttering electric light, holding on to his ever-present glasses, he made his speech in serious manner. He pled for Normalcy, urged the stimulus of competition, rehabilitation of transportation; spoke for the farmers, recalling the fact that the Republican party was founded by farmers. He paid tribute to the soldiers and sailors; eloquently told of American womanhood and closed with the following:





Mr. Chairman, members of the committee, my countrymen all: I would not be my natural self if I did not utter the consciousness of my limited ability to meet your full expectations, or to realize the aspirations within my breast; but I will gladly give all that is in me, all of heart, soul and mind, and abiding love of country, to service in our common cause. I can only pray to the Omnipotent God that I may be worthy in service as I know myself to be faithful in thought and purpose. One can not give more. Mindful of the vast responsibilities, I must be frankly humble, but have that confidence in the consideration and support of all true Americans which makes me wholly unafraid. With an unalterable faith and in a hopeful spirit, with a hymn of service in my heart I pledge fidelity to our country and to God, and accept the nomination of the Republican party for the Presidency of the United States.

Harding came from a family of culture, neither rich nor poor. On the table of his office was his mother's bible. "Mother knew her bible through. She wanted me to be a preacher,—if I could not be President. Mother had a text for everything. What a wonderful book it is. The bible still remains a source of study and unfailing information for good government. He commented on prayer:

I believe in prayer. I believe in prayer in the closet for there one faces God alone. Many times the outspoken prayer is only for the people's ears. I can understand how these prophets of old in their anxieties, problems, perturbations and perplexities found courage and strength when they gave their hearts to the great omnipotent in prayer.

Ohio has many academies and colleges. The Buckeye state produced seven presidents. Rutherford B. Hayes, was a graduate of Kenyon College, over which he later presided. Benjamin Harrison attended Miami University at Oxford. William McKinley studied at





Poland Academy. Ohio Central College, originally, Ibernia College, at Ibernia, twelve miles from Caledonia, was sold to the state for a school for the blind soon after Harding graduated, in 1882. Harding recalled pleasant memories there and said, "I am still persuaded that the smaller college, with the personal contact between the members of the faculty and the student body is the best educational institution of which we have ever been able to boast." The future President of the United States made his first declamation, when four years old, at an entertainment at the Buckhorn Tavern School some distance from his native village. He was well received, to the great pleasure of his parents and to himself. The following is taken from one of Harding's addresses, and published in C. B. Galbreath's brief "Story of Harding:"

"I do not believe that anywhere in the world there is so perfect a democracy as in the village: You know in the village we know everybody else's business. I grew up in such a community, and I have often referred to it as a fine illustration of the opportunities of American life.

There is no social strata or society requirement in the village. About everybody starts equal, and in the village where I was born the blacksmith's son and the cobbler's son and the minister's son and the storekeeper's son all had just the same chances in the opportunities of this America of ours. I wonder if it would interest you if I told you about what happened to some of the boys with whom I went to school? I like to refer to it because it is the finest proof in the world of the equality of American opportunity to the sons of this republic. In the class when I was a boy there was Ralph. Well Ralph was a bruiser among the boys and I would have picked him out for a prize fighter. Man-grown, I looked him up. I had not seen him for thirty years, and instead of finding him a pugilistically-inclined citizen, found him at the head of the bank in the village where we grew up, as peaceful





and able as any man in the community. Then there was Wheeler. If there was any boy in our crowd who started with greater advantage in money, he was the fellow. He had inherited three thousand dollars—and that was an awful amount of money in those days. But Wheeler went the wrong way and came to failure. Then there was Frank. Frank was the village carpenter's son; but Frank to-day is one of the greatest captains of industry in Chicago and before the World's War advanced salaries and compensation; he was getting twenty-five thousand dollars a year. A village boy. Then there was Ed, the cobbler's son. He wanted to be a geologist. He had once heard a geologist lecture. So he started to study geology and in order to study to more advantage, because his father was not able to send him to college, he became a Pullman car conductor, to study as he worked. What do you think became of Ed, aspiring to be a geologist? Ed turned out to be a preacher and he is a great preacher this day. And so I might run on—but I must tell you about another one. Let us say that his name was Charlie. He was the local grocer's son. Well you would not have thought he had any special advantage but his father loved him and sent him to college. He is one of the great lawyers of Ohio to-day, and he measures his wealth in large figures and he never cheated anybody out of a cent. Then there was let us say, Henry. Henry was the brightest boy of the class. The teacher always pointed him out as the pride of the school. He was the one we had to look to as an example of youthful brilliancy in the village. We were all envious of him. What do you suppose became of the brightest luminary of them all? I found him in a village, the janitor of his lodge and in spite of his less important achievements, he was the happiest one of the lot. What is the greatest thing in life, my countrymen? Happiness; and there is more happiness in the American village than any other place on the face of the earth.

On another occasion Harding said:

Let no one beguile you with dreams of idleness, of the passing of employment, or the abolition of the employer and employee. Life without toil would be an intolerable existence. Work is the supreme engagement, the sublime luxury of life, and there will be employers as long as there is leadership among men, and there will be employees





until human progress is paralyzed and the development of human-kind dies on one common altar of mediocrity. Our problem then is to find a high order of employment, the ideal relationship, the conditions under which we may work to the highest attainment and the greatest good to all concerned".

"I wish to plant the gospel of loyalty to work and interest in accomplishment. It is the ambition to succeed, the determination to do the most and best—these speed men on to the heights".

"I have seen my home city grow from the village of four thousand to the city of thirty thousand. I know the men who are the captians of industry and the commanders of trade and the leaders of finance, have associated with one concern when he was toiling for seventy-cents a day as a youth in the shops. I have seen another at the bench and still another trying to make the pay envelope meet his obligations. I knew one bank leader as the boy who swept out and did the chores, as a dollarless farmer boy, another as a struggling youth no more favored than the poorest boy. What is the explanation? Industry, thrift, love of work, interest in tasks. Ambition to get on".

His views in regard to running a newspaper were printed in the office of his paper:

Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never needlessly hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering, give the facts; tell the story as it is not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there's any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

My mind runs back to something like thirty-eight years ago when I was in attendance as a teacher at Marion County Institute. I had come from college the year be-



fore and I did what was very much the practice of the time—turned to teaching, in my abundant fullness of knowledge, merely as a temporary occupation.

I am not sure that I was a very good teacher, but I was at least ambitious to be a good one, I thought. If you have never done that you don't know the real pleasure of teaching. We had all branches of elementary teaching, up to the heights of algebra and general history. One day I put on the blackboard the forms for addressing and closing a letter. After explanations, I erased the blackboard form and asked the pupils to address me a letter on their slates. One obstinate youth refused and I was obliged to discipline him. He happened to be a son of one of the school directors who compensated me for my unusual interest in his boy by writing me that I was engaged to teach what was in the textbook, namely, reading, writing and arithmetic and not to go beyond. So he declined to sign my pay warrant.

President-elect Harding visited Panama in November, as guest of the United Fruit Co.





## CHAPTER XIV

### THE INAUGURATION OF WARREN G. HARDING

**T**HE Inauguration of Warren G. Harding, President of the United States, on March 4, 1930, was one of simplicity. He was elected by the largest popular majority ever recorded up to that time. Pennsylvania Avenue had clusters of flags at the lamp posts indicating a great event. Many visitors had arrived at the hotels in spite of high railroad rates. Some had round trip tickets and lunch baskets,—a homey gathering. "Clear and Cool" weather was predicted contrasting with the blizzards of other years. Breezes swept through Pennsylvania Avenue, where ropes were stretched along the curb. When Warren G. Harding rode beside Woodrow Wilson down from the White House, followed by Vice-President Marshall and Calvin Coolidge, the line of motors passed through a great line of people. The Cavalry regiment served as escort, with one brass band furnishing the music, that mingled with the cheers of the throng.

Harding entered the Capitol at the Senate entrance and went to the President's room while President Wilson was taken to the opposite side near the elevator. Gathered in the Marble Room were the diplomats of all nations, gorgeous in gold braid and medals. They laid aside their coats and linings; trimmings of gay colors blended with the uniforms and decorations of the room. Ambassador Ede Cartier de Marchienne,

# CHAPTER IV

The Government of the State of New York

The Government of the State of New York is a unitary system. The executive power is vested in the Governor, who is elected by the people for a term of four years. The legislative power is vested in the Senate and the Assembly, both of which are elected by the people for a term of two years. The judicial power is vested in the Court of Sessions, the Court of Appeals, and the Justices of the Peace. The Governor is the head of the executive branch and is responsible for the execution of the laws. The Senate and the Assembly are the two houses of the legislature. The Court of Sessions is the highest court in the state. The Court of Appeals is the highest court in the state. The Justices of the Peace are the lowest courts in the state. The Governor is elected by the people for a term of four years. The Senate and the Assembly are elected by the people for a term of two years. The Court of Sessions is elected by the people for a term of two years. The Court of Appeals is elected by the people for a term of two years. The Justices of the Peace are elected by the people for a term of two years.

Standing subject the United States Constitution and the laws of the United States. The Governor is the head of the executive branch and is responsible for the execution of the laws. The Senate and the Assembly are the two houses of the legislature. The Court of Sessions is the highest court in the state. The Court of Appeals is the highest court in the state. The Justices of the Peace are the lowest courts in the state. The Governor is elected by the people for a term of four years. The Senate and the Assembly are elected by the people for a term of two years. The Court of Sessions is elected by the people for a term of two years. The Court of Appeals is elected by the people for a term of two years. The Justices of the Peace are elected by the people for a term of two years.



of Belgium, arrived first, with courtly bow. General Pershing and his aid, saluting with military precision, suggested the meeting of the representatives of the Allies at the American Embassy, in Paris, after the Armistice—the khaki of the soldiers and the brilliant colors of the Ambassadors from over seas.

In the President's room the portraits of Washington's cabinet looked down from the walls. The statue of McKinley was in the corner. The plain green-covered table was there, on which past Presidents signed important bills and stood out in contrast with the dome like ceiling and mural decorations. Warren Harding entered with firm step, the newspaper correspondents following, his face aglow from the drive in the March air. He nodded with a friendly smile to those on either side. A rustle in the corridor, and Woodrow Wilson walked in, slowly, leaning heavily on a cane. Smiling faintly, he looked about as if to find a familiar face. There was no applause, but all felt for this man, broken in health and hopes,—completing his last day as President.

When Harding entered, there was an indescribable understanding between the outgoing and incoming Presidents. Members of Wilson's cabinet were paying their respects to their chief as the clock ticked away. As usual the clock had to be turned back, for this hour of twelve-high noon, March 4,—marked the end of the Sixty-sixth congress. President Wilson signed about thirty bills, and the clerks gathered up the pens.

Senators Lodge, and Knox and "Uncle Joe" Cannon awaited members of the House Committee to form-





ally announce to the President that Congress was about to adjourn. Senator Lodge glanced at his watch nervously, and said, "It's time we're moving." When he crossed the threshold he was greeted with an icy stare, and Wilson paid his respects in stinging formality to the Senator who had fought his League of Nations plan. They invited him to visit the Senate but Wilson had as little interest in the Senate as in the past,—when he had repudiated their assistance in peace negotiations.

As the hour struck, Woodrow Wilson was helped into his wraps—a pathetic scene, and made his exit. The Vice-President escorted his successor to the Senate Chamber. The Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, Congressmen and Senators were in the gallery above. In the left gallery was Mrs. Harding in blue hat and chinchilla fur. Warren Harding's school-teacher sister, Miss Abigail, sat next to her and then came Doctor Harding, whose face was a picture of intense interest in the proceedings. Before going to the Capitol he had remarked, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, how I wish Warren's mother could have been here! He had a wonderful mother, a Christian and a Saint." In the same gallery was Mrs. Coolidge, wearing a large, red hat, with her two boys, and John Coolidge, father of the Vice-President. The valedictory address of Vice-President Marshall was well received. The address of Calvin Coolidge was brief and filled with common sense. He called the Senate a "Citadel of Liberty."

Amid the echoes of the music of the Marine Band the procession moved toward the Capitol steps. In a





pavillion, on the spot where Lincoln was inaugurated, Chief Justice White, an ex-Confederate, administered the oath to Warren Harding, the son of a Union Soldier. As he kissed the Bible, which Washington's lips had pressed, Harding whispered to Senator Knox, the chairman, "Was it done all right?"

As he took the oath of office, Warren Harding's voice rang out with uncanny clearness. Standing bare-headed, with hand uplifted,—a modern oracle! More than a hundred thousand people standing on the grounds, under the trees towards the Library building, hushed to listen, some a third of a mile distant. The red uniforms of the Marine band and the bright hats of the women added a touch of color to the scene. A ray of sunshine from the shadows of the Dome fell upon the head of President Harding, in benediction, as he began the words of the oath. There were tears in the eyes of thousands.

In his inaugural address he reviewed affairs of state, not forgetting women, children and the home. It was one of the most impressive Inaugural addresses since the days of Lincoln. Someone compared him with Marcus Aurelius, in his touch with the masses in the Zenith days of Rome. The telephone company amplifiers carried every intonation of his voice. When his last words had been spoken, America was sung; the first lines were drowned in the waves of applause from the great throng. Millionaire and working man lingered as if to see more of the new President. They waited to see the diplomats leave, but they were delayed because President Harding had returned to the Senate





Chamber. For the first time since Washington, a President sat at the right of the Vice-President, during an executive session of the Senate. With little formality his cabinet was announced. He entered the motor car with Mrs. Harding, who carried a bouquet of American Beauties, and was soon lost in the sea of cheering humanity in Pennsylvania Avenue; more people than had ever been there at one time.

One of President Harding's first orders was that the gates of the White House be thrown open in welcome. The President and First Lady were busy shaking hands with thousands, including the Marion home folks, and the following day five hours was devoted to receptions and more handshaking. The East room was alive with the spirit of Dolly Madison serving tea. The great line of motor cars suggested that everyone seemed to be anxious to call at once. Laddie Boy could usually be seen lying at his feet, or outside the Cabinet door, and when Warren Harding's remains were laid in state in the East room, Laddie Boy entered, sniffed the flowers, sat near the casket, and then lay down as if waiting for his master to awake. In Marion, a new hotel was named for Harding, also a new country club and golf course made ready for him when he returned for rest and recreation among "home folks."

Early on the following morning, following his Inauguration, Warren Harding was at his desk in the circular room of the executive office, working as he did in Marion. He did not use a typewriter, or pen and ink,—but a scratch pad and pencil. It was a great home-coming to Republicans. So many called, that an





## HARDINGS

hour was fixed for shaking hands and a word with each individual. There was an average of a thousand daily, including all sorts of delegations. Easter egg-rolling on the White House grounds was revived. The Hardings decided to use the old furniture of the private apartment, and some from the Wyoming Street home, saving the government \$10,000.

A happy spring. The dogwood was in bloom along the Potomac, together with the white blossoms of the Japanese cherry trees presented to President Taft. President Harding was kind hearted and a man of practical judgment—thoughtful of his subordinates and generous to his adversaries. He had a large, leonine head, cast on Roman lines, set upon broad shoulders, slightly rounded as often happens with tall men; for he was over six feet. He had large light blue eyes, and iron gray hair, getting thin on top. His limbs were sinewy, and he had remarkable vitality. He had campaigned in all kinds of weather and he did not mind trudging in the mud. Golf was his chief recreation. He claimed he derived more benefit from the game than from doctors, so mingled with the people on the Public Golf Links. He found relaxation in walks and rides. His clothes, as Shakespeare would say, were rich, not gaudy. They were of good material, well cut and always well pressed. He was inclined to dark colors. He had breakfast in a quilted, wine-colored jacket. In the morning he wore a sack suit of gray. In the afternoon, if golfing, the regular togs of plaid, —light cap, dark-red golf stockings, brown shoes, with a white, woolen sweater underneath a Norfolk jacket,





in cool weather. The President only dressed for dinner, when going out, or receiving company. He often worked seventeen hours a day. A week before his western trip he told a friend: "I get tremendously tired at times. I begin to appreciate what this job means. This place is confining in its responsibilities, and my heart goes out to Mr. Wilson. One can only look to the Creator for guidance. President Harding had no illusions nor visionary ideas. His head was not turned by honors; neither was he depressed by defeat. Every day delegations called at the White House, and he would obligingly wander out and have his picture taken with them. He was a true Humanitarian, and won the affections of the people who looked forward to a wise and conservative administration of the country.

For the first time since taking office, Warren G. Harding went to New York to make a speech. An eventful day began at Hoboken Pier,—on the same spot where a short time before Kahki-clad boys had embarked for overseas, under cover of night, to dodge hostile submarines. When the boat docked at the pier, on May 23, 1921, the President looked down on a gloomy shed. There, each casket covered with the flag for which they so nobly fought and died, lay six thousand soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses. The voice of the President grew husky. Moved to tears, the President gave utterance to words that will echo through the ages:

These dead know nothing of our ceremony to-day. They sense nothing of the sentiment of the tenderness which brings their wasted bodies to the homeland for a burial





close to kin and friends and cherished associations. These poor bodies are but the clay tenements once possessed of souls who flamed with patriotic devotion; lighted new hopes on the battle grounds of civilization, and in their sacrifices sped on, to accuse autocracy before the court of Eternal Justice. These Heroes were sacrificed in the supreme conflict of all human history. They saw democracy challenged, and defended it. They saw civilization threatened, and restored it. They saw America affronted, and resented it. They saw our nation's rights imperiled, and stamped these rights with a renewed sancity, and renewed security. No one can measure the vast and varied affections and sorrows centering in this priceless cargo of bodies,—once living,—fighting for, and finally dying for The Republic. One's words fail, his understanding is halted, his emotions are stirred beyond control, when contemplating these thousands of beloved dead, I find a hundred thousand sorrows touching my heart, and there is ringing in my ears, like an admonition eternal, an insistant call:

It must not be again. It must not be again.

New York stopped revolving and the street cars were quiet, in tribute to our President. When he referred in his speech to Senator Elihu Root and William Howard Taft there were cheers. The Presidential party drove along the Avenue in the rain, past a sea of faces and across Brooklyn Bridge, and thousands of school children cheered the President with flags and songs. At the banquet, Secretary Hoover made a masterful speech analyzing the needs of the hour. Coolidge's speech was a declaration of faith in America, stating that effort and toil and handicaps were necessary in building up a country, strong and virile, and insisted that to destroy the government was to destroy the people. The President pleaded for understanding. "No people, no race, no continent can live within itself alone. He who displays the broadest spirit of brotherhood, helpfulness and true charity will most surely be





casting his bread upon the waters. In our efforts at establishing industrial justice, we must see that the wage earner is placed in an economically sound position. His lowest wage must be enough for comfort, enough to make his home a home, enough to ensure that the struggle for existence will not crowd out the things truly worth existing for. Every American must do something to stop profligate waste and speed up production. Service must be rendered for every dollar the government expends."

He visited the offices of the New York Tribune. The President, an expert make-up man, not afraid of soiling his clothes went to work and did three columns, quickly and correctly. The boss printer said: "I don't know how he is as a politician but is the best man I ever saw making up a rush form. It is the one great honor of my life to see a President who is a real craftsman, and printer. It makes me feel that my trade is quite important. The President earned his first-page stories in the New York papers. Harding's speeches, sometimes with quaint bible phraseology, were understood. He once said: "Some may complain of my style of grammer, but I guess you understand me."





## CHAPTER XV

### HARDING IN PLYMOUTH

**T**HE greatest event, since the landing of the Mayflower in Plymouth in 1620, was the visit of President Harding, on August 1, 1921. Senator Lodge and Calvin Coolidge, on December 21, 1921, had delivered orations commemorating the Three Hundreth Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, and Dean Brigg's Ode was read. The pageant celebration was postponed until the following August.

On a large plateau of sand and recreated shore line a stage was erected, where the pageant was presented. Tourists and Pilgrim descendants came from all over the country. Hotels were crowded, and people slept in their automobiles. "Ye Olde Towne" was radiant with banners, flung from the trees across the streets, inscribed with "John Carver", "Priscilla Alden", "Miles Standish" and people dressed in Pilgrim garb could be seen everywhere. Then appeared the modern Mayflower, accompanied by the U. S. Delaware and North Dakota, of the United States Navy, and H. M. S. Cambrian, a British warship, with dreadnaughts, and submarines, submarine chasers and yachts, in convoy.

The President's yacht took him, for the first time, through the Cape Cod Canal, anchoring in the waters where the old Mayflower lay, in 1620. The banks of the Canal were lined with people, cheering, waving





caps, flags and handkerchiefs. The sailboats flitted around like sea-gulls. The plow that turned the first furrow in America was shown; the shop where Paul Revere learned his trade and the making of cannon for the colonies. Here, the first loom and the first shoe shop.

The President's address was given in the Amphitheatre, before people who were lined tier upon tier far up Cole's Hill. Facing the blinding sun, his speech, punctuated by ripples of cheer, was as follows:

It is a beautiful and impressive spectacle but to every American man and woman who sees it, this pageant must, I think, mean so much more than a mere historic spectacle, magnificent as it is. It is well that we should be reminded at times like these, by celebrations in honor of stirring incidents in our rich history, of the debt that we owe to those who have gone before us, and laid the foundations of this great fabric, which is now a nation of one hundred million souls. The pageant which we have just seen, shows in vivid, spectacular form, how much we of today owe to that sturdy, Pilgrim spirit, which the first founders of our nation brought with them from across the seas. I believe most firmly that this stern, indomitable spirit with which the Pilgrims faced the perils of an unknown land for the sake of conscience represents that which is truest and best in America today.

The pageant reproduced incidents in the rise of the Pilgrim movement in England, Holland and on to America, and other historic events. At night the play began, entitled "The Pilgrim Spirit" written by George P. Baker, of Harvard University. The actors, including natives of Plymouth, Duxbury and Marshfield were costumed in family heirlooms. The stage was beside the New State Reservation, near the orig-





inal location of the Plymouth Rock. The first trumpet sounded for the prologue, "Voice from the Rock" by the Norsemen. This led up to Landing of the Pilgrims, in 1620 and the eight scenes of the episode. The old Mayflower, at anchor, was shown by searchlights off shore. The boat rowing in from the Mayflower was played upon with a spotlight, as the oarsmen pulled for the shore, phantom-like. And there they landed: Priscilla in her red cloak, John Alden nearby, with Miles Standish in the lead. With uplifted eyes, the Pilgrims knelt in prayer.

The great chorus sang the anthem by Arthur Foote, using the words of William Bradford, in the great finale that preceded the figures representing Washington and Lincoln. The flags of the allied nations could be seen. The flags of various states waved their salute in the breezes to President Harding, while the spectacle faded out in the darkness off shore to the music of stirring compositions of Chadwick and Converse.

Whistles, bells and automobile horns joined in speeding President Harding in his journey back to Washington. He was interested in the Cape Cod Canal and was kept busy waving from his place, on the bridge of the Mayflower, in acknowledgement of the salutes from the banks, of the thousands that gathered to do him honor.





## CHAPTER XVI

### HARDING IN ALASKA

**I**N THE prosperous summer of 1923, Washington, in festive mood welcomed the Ancient Order of the Mystic Shrine. Harding was prevented from receiving the thirty-second degree Masonic honor by the illness of Mrs. Harding.

In June, President Harding went to Alaska. The party included Secretaries Hoover, Work and Wallace. The President wanted to return by way of the Panama Canal for a restful sea voyage; visit Porto Rico, and Virgin Islands and later, the Philippines and all of the States of the Union. In his car "Superb," at the rear of a Pullman train, his voice was transmitted to thousands in Washington.

Throngs greeted him at St. Louis, his first stop, where he addressed International Rotary. He shocked wheat in the Kansas fields, and rode the tractors. The death of Sumner Curtiss, Washington correspondent, in an automobile accident saddened the party. Salt Lake City and Yellowstone Park were visited. On the way to Spokane the President drove the electric train, run by the water power of rivers and mountains. Meachem, a hamlet reminiscent of covered wagon days, was visited. There was a Rotarian celebration, at Portland, on July 4th.

At Tacoma, the President, amid the roar of twenty-one guns, boarded the Henderson, with the President's

History of the

THE first of the series of lectures on the history of the University of Cambridge, delivered by the Rev. Dr. James Wilson, in the year 1825, is now published in a new and improved edition, with many additions and corrections, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

In these lectures, the history of the University is treated in a new and interesting manner, and the reader is enabled to see the progress of the University from its origin to the present time. The lectures are divided into three parts, the first of which treats of the origin and early history of the University, the second of the middle period, and the third of the modern period. The lectures are delivered in a clear and concise manner, and are well adapted for the use of students and the general reader.

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flag at the masthead — the same ship that carried soldiers to France. The Navy band was playing the afternoon concert, and the decks were screened against Mosquitoes. Books on Alaska were popular. Alaska was discovered by a Dane, Vitus Bering. The sailing northward was past mountains and forests, fishing villages and occasional lumbercamps along the coast. On the fourth evening they viewed an Alaskan sunset. Next day a tug boat with an Indian band playing “Star Spangled Banner” met them, and Metlakatla was re-explored by the first President to visit Alaska. Through Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher, Congress provided there a haven for Father Duncan and his Indian converts. The church towers could be seen on the hill. Sidewalks were on stilts. There were flowers, and gardens of peas, potatoes and lettuce. The next stop was Ketchikan, of Klondike fame, the houses on the mountainside. The next stop was Wrangell. At Juneau crowds waited in the rain and school children former the guard of honor. The next stops were Skagway and Seward. Along the coast could be seen the great glaciers. “These glaciers give no assurance of a warm welcome,” said the President, putting on a sweater. Into the waters of Resurrection Bay, now Harding Gateway, they sailed. Uncle Sam’s locomotive, 618, was waiting when they reached Anchorage. At eleven o’clock, the President, in an address said: “I don’t know whether to wish you Good evening or Good morning.” The President had a sunny midnight drive. They play ball at midnight there. An Admiral line steamer, at the wharf, leaving for





Seattle, waited, so the passengers could see the President.

The party boarded the train for the Arctic. The wonderful Mt. Kinley was sighted. On went the train over bridges spanning Canyons and the mines of Chikaloona were visited—a deserted village, but there is coal elsewhere. At Matanuska the President received a gift of strawberries. After Montana they went to Curry, where a fine dinner was served and soon Mt. Kinley was reached. Harry Karsten, the guardian, was the first to scale Mt. Kinley, in fifty-two days. The President got into the cab at Healy. The party next greeted the huskies at Kobe. In the Yukon district the President drove the spike in the completion of the Alaskan railroad. At Fairbanks hydrants were encased in steam pipes for the town is built on frozen ground. Here the President set type and made up forms for the daily newspaper.

Back to the Henderson, at Seward wharf. The President was busy with his speeches. And in the tranquility of far-off Alaska, President Harding went for a walk incognito, accompanied by Joe Mitchell Chapple. They saw children at play about the bungalows, and one little Miss is the proud possessor of some snapshots. On Seward's Main Street a boy of six with a stub pencil behind his ear, stood in front of a store. The President asked him his name and what he was doing. Donald was his name and he was keeping store. "Want to buy something?" The President entered and made a purchase. The boy gave a receipt and the change. The President shook his head and





said: "Donald you are going to be a big business man some day." He placed a pencil on the boy's ear. It was the pencil with which he had written his last speech.

At Sitka, the President and Mrs. Harding entered the little brown church connected with the Sheldon Jackson Mission. Bob-haired Indian girls seated in front, kept looking back to the fourth pew as they sang "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." A museum contained Indian relics. Along "Lover's Lane" were Totem poles, one had a likeness of Lincoln. Father Boutelarf, of the Greek Catholic Church, of St. Michael, described to the party the old Ikons, Russian paintings, and goblets of gold and silver, some of which were contributed by royalty in the past. The rich treasures contrast to the simplicity of the church, with its little box stoves.

As the President was leaving the church, the Father called to him. The Sanctuary doors were thrown open—something that had not happened for years. The Father whispered in prayer: "Blessed are the good." It was the highest honor the Father could bestow.

From the deck of the Henderson, Sitka, their last view of Alaska faded into the twilight.





## CHAPTER XVII

### HARDING IN CANADA

**N**OT alone had President Harding dreamed of a visit to Alaska, but he looked forward to the time when he would be able to stand on Canadian soil, something which had never been done by any American President. He had a deep admiration for the Canadian people, and members of the party said he was filled with pleasure at being about to greet the Canadians in their own country, and further cement the friendship—more than a century old—which has existed between the people of Canada and the people of the United States.

The Henderson had completed her long passage down through the placid waters of the inside route from Sitka, Alaska and was proceeding into the waters adjacent to Vancouver harbor. Like a floating pageant in "Idylls of the King" the good ship glided silently on. On the way back a party that preceded that of the President, remained over to welcome an American Chief Executive on Canadian soil.

Although he was not to step upon Canadian soil until eleven in the morning, members of the party spent a few hours in the Province of British Columbia, while the Henderson lay at anchor. The United States Navy Band participated in exercises at Vancouver by way of returning a compliment paid the President, in Portland, Oregon, when the officers and men of a Bri-





tish cruiser took part in a parade.

An official message of welcome for President Harding, from J. H. King, minister of public works, on behalf of the Prime Minister of the government and the people of Canada, was carried from here to the United States President, aboard the U. S. Henderson, off Campbell's river, Vancouver Island, by airplane, in charge of Flight Lieutenant A. T. Cowley, Royal Canadian force. The message signed by Dr. King read: "Sir: On behalf of the prime minister of the government and people of Canada, I have the honor to extend a sincere and full-souled welcome. I am looking forward with lively anticipation of pleasure to the honor of greeting you upon your landing upon Canadian soil tomorrow."

The message sent back by the President expressed his appreciation of the welcome extended by Dr. King, which he wrote was indorsed by all the members of his party. The message expressed his anticipation of meeting the people of Vancouver.

The people from the settlements along the Canadian shores came out to greet the President at all hours of the day and night. Some had sailed for miles in small boats to see President Harding. They shouted over the waters, "Let us see your President!" The Henderson sailed on and anchored over night to await the turn of the tide. The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, northbound on their way to Alaska shouted their greetings and sang while the President with a megaphone answered their salutations with a hearty "How are you?"





At Vancouver, in a bower of flowers they had gathered for him, Warren Harding gave utterance to the first message of a President of the United States, speaking in Canada.

“While I cannot call you fellow-citizens, I can call you fellow-Americans,” he said.

One that was there remarked, at the banquet table that night the President was the embodiment of manly strength and vigor, bronzed by the summer sun of Alaska, with his premature gray hair—one of the handsomest men he had ever seen.

#### ADDRESS DELIVERED AT VANCOUVER JULY 26, 1923

Citizens of Canada. I may as well confess to you at the outset a certain perplexity as to how I should address you. The truth of the matter is that this is the first time I have ever spoken as President in any country other than my own. Indeed as far as I can recall, I am with the single exception of my immediate predecessor, the first President in office even to set foot on politically foreign soil.

True there is no definite inhibition upon one doing so such as prevents any but a natural born from becoming President but an early prepossession soon developed into a tradition and for more than a hundred years held the effect of unwritten law. I am not prepared to say that the custom was not desirable, perhaps even needful, in the early days, when time was the chief requisite of travel. Assuredly at present the Chief Magistrate of a great republic ought not to cultivate the habit or make a hobby of wandering over





all the continents of the earth.

But exceptions are required to prove rules and Canada is an exception, a most notable exception, from every viewpoint of the United States. You are not only our neighbor but a very good neighbor and we rejoice in your advancement and admire your independence no less sincerely than we value your friendship.

I need not depict the point of similarity that makes this attitude of the one towards the other irresistible. We think the same thoughts, live the same lives and cherish the same aspirations of service to each other in time of need. Thousands of your brave lads perished in gallant and generous action for the preservation of our Union. Many of our young men followed Canadian colors to the Battlefields of France, before we entered the war, and left their proportion of killed to share the graves of your intrepid sons.

When my mind reverts and my heart beats low to recollection of those faithful and noble companionships, I may not address you, to be sure, as "fellow-citizens" as I am accustomed to designate assemblages at home, but I may and do with respect and pride salute you as "fellow men" in mutual striving for common good.

What an object lesson of peace is shown today by our two countries to all the world. No grim-faced fortifications mark our frontiers! No huge battleships patrol our dividing waters. No stealthy spies lurk in our tranquil border hamlets. Only a scrap of paper recording hardly more than a simple understanding, safeguards lives and properties on the Great Lakes, and





only humble mileposts mark the inviolable boundary line for thousands of miles through farm and forest.

Our protection is in our fraternity; our armor is our faith: the tie that binds more firmly year by year, is ever-increasing acquaintance and comradeship through interchange of citizens. And the compact is not of perishable parchment but of a fair, honorable dealing, which God grant will continue for all time.

An interesting and significant symptom of our growing mutuality is the fact that the voluntary interchange of residents to which I have referred is wholly free from restriction. Our national and industrial exigencies have made it necessary for us greatly to our regret to fix limits to immigration from foreign countries. But there is no quota for Canada. We gladly welcome all your sturdy steady stock who care to come as a strengthening ingredient and influence. We none the less bid God speed and happy days to the thousands of our own folks who are swarming constantly over your land and participating in its remarkable development. Wherever, in either of our countries, any inhabitant of one or the other can best serve the interest of himself and family is the place for him to be.

A further evidence of our increasing interdependence appears in the shifting of capital. Since the armistice I am informed approximately \$2,500,000,000 has found its way into Canada for investments. That is a huge sum of money and I have no doubt it is employed safely for us and helpfully for you. Most gratifying to you, moreover, should be the circumstances that one-half of that great sum has gone for purchase of your





state and municipal bonds, a tribute indeed to the scrupulous maintainance of your credit, to a degree equalled only by your Mother country across the sea and your sister country across the hardly visible border.

These are simple facts which quickly resolve into history for guidance of mankind in the seeking of human happiness. "History, history," ejaculated Lord Overton, to his old friend, Lindsay, himself a historian. "What is the use of history? It only keeps people apart by reviving recollections of enmity."

As we look forth today at the nations of Europe with their armed camps nearly a million more men in 1923 than in 1913, we cannot deny the grain of truth in his observation.

But not so here. A hundred years of tranquil relationships throughout vicissitudes which elsewhere would have invoked armed conflicts rather than arbitration affords truly, declared James Bryce "the finest example ever seen in history, of an undefended frontier whose very absence of armament itself helped to prevent hostile demonstrations,"—thus proving beyond question that "peace can always be kept, whatever be the grounds of controversy between peoples that wish to keep it." There is a great and highly pertinent truth, my friends in that simple assertion. It is public will, not public force, that makes for enduring peace. And is it not a gratifying circumstance that it has fallen to the lot of us North Americans living amicably for more than a century, under different flags, to present the most striking example yet produced of that





last fact? If only European countries would heed the lesson conveyed by Canada and the United States, they would strike at the roots of their own disagreements and in their own prosperity forget to inveigh constantly at ours.

Not that we would reproach them for resentment or envy which after all is but a manifestation of human nature. Rather should we sympathize with the seeming inability to break down the shackles of age-long methods and rejoice in our own relative freedom from the stultifying effect of Old World customs and practices. Our natural advantages are manifold and obvious. We are not palsied by the habits of a thousand years. We live in the power and glory of youth. Others derive satisfaction from contemplation of their resplendant pasts. We have relatively only our present to regard, and that with eager eyes, fixed chiefly upon our future.

Therein lies our best estate. We profit both mentally and materially from the fact that we have no departed "greatness" to recover, no lost provinces to regain, no new territory to covet, no ancient grudges to know eternally at the heart of our national consciousness. Not only are we happily exempt from these handicaps of vengeance and prejudice but we are animated correspondingly and most helpfully by our better knowledge derived from longer experience of the blessing of liberty. These advantages we may not appreciate to the full at all times, but we know that we possess them and the day is far distant when we shall ever fail to cherish and defend them against any con-





ceivable assault from without, or within, our borders.

I find that quite unconsciously I am speaking of our two countries almost in the singular, when perhaps I should be more painstaking to keep them where they belong in the plural. But I feel no need to apologize. You understand as I, that I speak in no political sense. The ancient bugaboo of the United States scheming to annex Canada disappeared from all our minds years and years ago. Heaven knows we have all we can manage now, and room enough to spare for another hundred millions before approaching the intensive stage of existence of many European states.

And if I might be so bold as to offer a word of advice to you it would be this. Don't encourage any enterprise looking to Canada's annexation to the United States. You are one of the most capable governing peoples in the world, but I entreat you for your own sakes to think twice before undertaking management of the territory which lies between the Great Lakes and the Rio Grande.

No, let us go our own gaits along parallel roads, you helping us and we helping you. So long as each country maintains its independence and both recognize their independence, those paths cannot fail to be highways of progress and prosperity. Nationality continues to be a supreme factor in modern existence. Make no mistake about that. But the day of the Chinese wall, inclosing a hermit nation, has passed forever. Even through space itself were not in process of annihilation by airplane, submarine, wireless and broadcasting, our very propinquity enjoins that most effec-





tive co-operation which comes only from clasping of hands in true faith and good fellowship.

In closing his speech he turned to his hosts and said:

“Fellow Americans, I like that word—neighbors. I like the sort of neighbors who borrow eggs over the back fence.”

Vancouver gave him a welcome worthy of the British Empire—an ovation like that accorded to their own Prince of Wales and future King.

“You know, he seems just as if he belonged to us,” was expressed everywhere.

From Vancouver, at night, in a heavy fog, the party put off mid the mournful sounds of the bell-buoys and the fog horn, out into the sea.

Early in the morning there was a collision, when the Henderson struck one of the convoying destroyers amidship. All rushed up on deck, but could see nothing in the darkness. There were anxious moments. Out of a sick bed, the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy stood on deck, waiting through leaden moments to know the fate of his sailor boys. Not until “All’s well!” came, did he quit his post to return to a much-needed rest before a strenuous day—his last day of public service.





## CHAPTER XVIII

### LAST DAYS OF PRESIDENT HARDING

THE fog had lifted and it was well past mid-day when President Harding looked upon an inspired scene in Seattle. Battleships in line saluted in a naval review, unequaled on the Pacific coast; the first witnessed by a President in the Western ocean. "Ruffles and Honors" was played as the various Admirals came aboard to pay their respects. And on a hot afternoon thousands thronged the streets, hills and buildings—some waiting since early morning. Weary from illness and fatigue, members of the party suggested that the President defer, but he insisted, "I cannot dissappoint them, I must go on," he said. In the hot sun, he smiled and bowed to the cheering thousands. Some of the party, exhausted, broke the lines at the hotel, but the President kept on and delivered his speeches as scheduled. His voice rang out in the stadium, late that afternoon, in his tribute to Alaska and the part that Seattle and the Northwest had played in its development.

In speaking, he made a slip calling Alaska, Nebraska, and there was concern among those who knew that he was tired. Attending the Press Club luncheon postponed from noontime, he made his last speech to his fellow craftsmen, and throngs followed him to the station and disappointed crowds that gathered that night and the following day at the station as the train swept





## HARDINGS

down through Oregon were met with Secretaries Hoover and Work. Frequently there were cries of "only let us see his face." The trip to the Yosemite was abandoned, but even then, his condition was not realized by many in the party. On that fateful Sunday which followed, at San Francisco, the people gathered early in the morning, to greet the President. They knew he was ill, but expressed hearty and sympathetic feeling of hope for his speedy recovery.

As he left the train the early sunlight through the lens on a plate caught the last likeness of the features of Warren Harding. Crowds gathered around the Palace Hotel. The President insisted on keeping faith with the people and requested that the last speeches he had prepared be read and given to the people. Secretary George B. Christian, Jr., also a Knight Templar, was sent to present the traveling beausant to the Hollywood, California Commandery.

These were eventful days. Decisions of great importance hung upon the President's trip to Alaska, and in his journey through the West he showed his policies for the remainder of his present term, and to find out if the people wanted him to run again for President. After weeks of a crowded program of speechmaking and receptions in which communities vied with one another in honoring him, a very human man lay on his bed in a hotel in San Francisco.

For several years President Harding had looked forward to a visit to his friend Mr. William Wrigley, Jr.,—a time of real rest at Catalina. The home on Mt. Ada now awaited the distinguished guest. The moun-





tains were covered with flowers. Avalon was in gay attire. The bells in the little Mission church were ringing. Many colored lights shone on the peaceful mountainside. Later 4000 people had gathered at the Greek amphitheatre to hear a concert where they had expected to meet the President. The sea of faces eager to hear from someone who was with the President reflected the silent prayer of recovery. The radio spread the news—soon to be verified.

“President Harding is dead.”

The audience silently rose with tear-stained faces and the meeting became the first memorial service for the President. Taps were sounded echoing over the mountains to where he had hoped to be that night. At twilight, as the lights appeared in the San Francisco streets, President Harding died. His last words are said to have been “That’s good, go on, read some more” as his wife read to him from a magazine. The news spread swiftly through the city, which had arrayed itself in gay bunting,—now awed by his death. The sad news traveled throughout the world. People in distant towns awoke to hear the tolling of bells.

In the streets of San Francisco the throngs heard the strains of “Lead Kindly Light,” a favorite hymn, as the funeral cortege began the long trip across the continent. The car “Superb,” was now a bier. Night and day, World War veterans stood guard—Boy Scouts were there and the coach ahead bore the blossoms from people in all walks of life. Everywhere, with bared heads, section men, workers in the fields, sought to honor him. At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the





mounted Cavalry paid and the regular army joined with the Grand Army Republic, Spanish and World War veterans to pay respects to their Commander-in-Chief. Factories closed and boys perched on telegraph poles, trees, barns and houses. At Omaha forty thousand people were at the station, at 2:00 A. M., in the rain and at the smaller towns the train slowed up that they might do honor.

Arriving at Washington late at night, President Coolidge and cabinet members were at the station gate, where the party had departed only six weeks before. The only sound was the clatter of hoofs on the pavement, as they escorted the remains of the Commander of the Army and Navy on a caisson down Pennsylvania Avenue. On the following morning a single service was held in the East room of the White House, amid floral tributes of all nations. A white cross of flowers shone resplendant. In the procession that followed that flag-draped casket on the last journey, was Woodrow Wilson. In the rotunda under the Capitol dome, the service, with the familiar hymns was conducted. The remains of Warren Harding were lying on the very spot where Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley and the Unknown soldier had been honored, and the perfume of mountains of flowers filled the air.

Another night going home. Ohio was to receive back her son. With reverent silence Marion received her own, as the gray casket was taken to the home of the father, Dr. Harding. The lawn was covered with floral tributes of neighbors, mingled with those of the rulers of the earth. Night and day the home folks





passed through the little, white house. In one house could be heard the strains of "My faith looks up to Thee." The porch at the old home on Mt. Vernon street looked lonesome. The procession, with his old associates of the Marion Star in the lead, moved to the cemetery. At the vault, under the drapery of the birch trees, seven Admirals, in white, and seven Generals, in Khaki, stood at salute. The choir sang "Lead Kindly Light." The yard was covered with flowers.

Another prayer, another hymn, and at three o'clock the activities of the Nation were hushed, while the country joined in the last honors to the dead. Taps were sounded; Warren G. Harding belongs to the ages.

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Probably no President of the United States has ever been given such a dramatic notification that he had become Chief Executive, than that given to Mr Coolidge. He had retired early, after a day spent about the homestead. Although it was dusk in San Francisco, it was ten minutes to midnight, in Vermont, when a telegraph messenger raced to the Vermont house, in a high powered automobile, from Bridge-water. The telegram, written on a piece of brown paper, was delivered to Col. Coolidge. In the cold mountain air of midnight was enacted a scene typical of America. The father carried the message upstairs to his son Calvin. Mr. Coolidge dressed and came down stairs, to meet the correspondent. He was grave and deeply distressed. He shook hands silently. Another message read:





## Palace Hotel San Francisco

“Mr Calvin Coolidge, Plymouth Vt.

President died suddenly and without warning, while conversing with members of his family at 3 o'clock. His physician reports that this was apparently due to some brain embolism, probably an apoplexy.

George B. Christian, Jr., secretary.”

## THE SOBBING OF THE BELLS

*Walt Whitman*

The sobbing of the bells, the sudden death-news everywhere,  
The slumberers arouse the rapport of the People,  
(Full well they know that message in the darkness,  
Full well return the sad reverberation.)

The passionate toll and clang, city to city, joining, sounding,  
passing,

Those heart-beats of a Nation in the night

The light in the parlor was very dim. “I can hardly see to read the message from San Francisco, Grace” he said to his wife, who was standing at his side and they sent for another lamp. A few hours later, standing by his aged father, in the parlor of an old-fashioned farmhouse lighted by the mellow light of an oil lamp Calvin Coolidge took the oath of President of the United States. The old family bible used had been in the family for many years. The President retired again to get what rest he could. Along the way, during the suppressed excitement, crowds gathered to get a glimpse of the new President as he journeyed to Washington to take up his new duties, that the United States Government might not be without its chief official.





## CHAPTER XIX

### ANECDOTES OF PRESIDENT HARDING

THE secret of President Harding's popularity was his Christian philosophy and humaneness of nature, which makes the whole world kin. In an address before the National Press Club at Washington he told of a tramp printer in the days when he was in a class by himself—all newspaper men regret that he exists no more.

“There came to our office a Frenchman who had come to this country during the Columbian Exposition. He became, what we called, the “tourist printer,” and something that I had written put him on his feet, committed him to me very cordially, though I could not restore him to stable ways. But the manifestation of friendly encouragement had made him so devoted that ten or twelve years later when I was a candidate for public office, I stepped into a strange town and found about a street speaker, a crowd that attracted by my own curiosity. I investigated, and found my former friend, tramp-printer speaking to the crowd. I had awakened in his heart an interest, and he was making a speech in my behalf. I said then that if there is somewhere a human touch that awakens disappointment into hope, that is the finest hobby in the world.

Four Slavs left Cleveland one morning at 2 a. m., and arrived in Marion with their violins, in time to





serenade the Hardings at breakfast. The boys were soon after in the Harding home, eating breakfast.

A lady once visiting the White House was given a rose by President Harding, who remarked that he happened to think of one of his townsmen once giving him something from his store and who remarked that he hoped Harding, who was at the time in the newspaper business, would say something good about him.

It cost President Harding and Secretary Mellon seventy dollars to remember swimming hole-days. The boys had called at the White House in an answer to an invitation the President had sent them in reply to a letter asking for a contribution. In this letter to John D. Wackerman, of Washington, the President said, in part, "I am exceedingly glad you wrote about the swimming pool, John, because I do not want the boys to think I am not interested in their getting a swimming pool. I have used swimming pools myself in my time, and there is one pool in the creek out near Caledonia, Ohio, that I would like to get in again, right now, if it were possible. You tell the boys I hope the ball will raise all the money needed to provide the pool and that if some of you will come around to the White House with some tickets, I will buy some, whether I can attend or not. The President told the boys he could not go to the dance, but a friend had left fifty dollars to buy tickets. In great confusion the boys discovered they did not have enough tickets. Then Secretary Mellon walked into the President's office. "Now there's the man you want to see," said President Harding with a smile, "he's Secretary of the





Treasury and has all the money in the government.” Mellon reached down into his pocket, handed the boys twenty dollars, and the boys went away happy.

One of President Harding’s tasks, after his inauguration was to reduce the Government establishment which had greatly expanded, as a result of the war. He announced that he would have to be hard-boiled about it, and that under no circumstance would he issue any Civil Service executive order. At that time a woman government employ came to Mr Welliver with her story. She was a widow, with three children, a money counter at the Treasury, with \$1200 per year salary, no other resources and no hope of another place, unless an executive order should be secured. Mr Welliver’s sympathies were aroused, and on investigation he found everything correct. He prepared an executive order with the proper form and endorsement for the President to sign, the day before Christmas. He took it to the President, explaining the situation in a few words. “I can personally vouch for the case. It is Christmas Eve and I want to take the order to her before I go home tonight. I hope you will suspend the rule and sign it. The President bent over it a moment, reached for a pen, poised it, looked up and said. “This order was ready a week ago, why didn’t you bring it to me sooner.” “Because,” replied Mr. Welliver, “I figured you’d have an awful time refusing it at this time.” The President signed the order, handed it to him and said, “What chance does a President have, when everyone’s against him. Dont you ever ask for another order of that sort. Good





Night!" Then he walked to the door and opened it, but there he stood, and turned around. "You'll really see that she gets it tonight," he asked anxiously? "It'll make a lot of difference to her Christmas, you know."

While dining with Mrs. Eugene Hale, an old friend in Washington, the President was served terrapin, of which he was very fond, and thought Mrs. Hale's cook excelled all others. "You ought to tell Evalina about it," said Mrs. Hale. "I shall be glad to," replied the President. So the colored cook of the fourth generation of the family was summoned, and much intimidated at coming into the presence of the President. "Evelina," said President Harding, if I could make half as good a President as you make terrapin, I would be a great success." Evelina beams in telling what the President of the United States said to her.

A railroad chef, who had cooked meals for every President since Grant said: "General Grant liked lots of roast beef and potatoes; simple, but nourishing. President McKinley liked pretty much the same; President Roosevelt was strong for steaks; President Wilson preferred chicken with fritters, but President Harding liked everything."

The Ritz Hotel wished to compliment President Harding by setting his dinner table with a solid-gold service, a proud possession of the hotel. The President permitted a faint smile of amusement; as he sat down, he frowned a little, and said: "Take them away and bring regular dishes."

President Harding's size for bedroom slippers, was 10½, this fact established in a letter to two Camp-fire





girls who had planned to give him a bouquet, when he was unveiling the Bolivar statue, but failing to reach him, decided to send him bedroom slippers.

President Harding walked into his office one morning, with a newspaper in hand, when a caller greeted him. "Good morning." "It does seem that way," he said, grimly, "but if I mention it to anybody, he's liable to go out and announce that I ordered the weather bureau to put on this long, dry spell, and arouse the farmers against the administration."

The Kansas City Star thinks that Harding understood women. While Senator he had appealed to the wife of a friend during the war, to be more prudent in her remarks, without making an impression. The remarks were apt to cause serious trouble. He wrote to the lady's husband; "I wonder if you could command her? Frankly,—I doubt it."

Once a man got drunk and pried a whole case of type. "You get right out of here and stay out!" Harding was as mad as a hornet for a minute, and then a new thought coming to him, he said: "You come around Saturday night, if you haven't got a job by that time."

With characteristic modesty, President Harding said to Mr. John A. Stewart, in an interview: "I know my limitations, I know how far removed from greatness I am. But be that as it may I intend to approach every problem with good will in my heart, instead of hatred. Most questions which are settled by armed force are never permanently settled. Problems can be solved fundamentally only as they are worked out in a spirit of brotherly good will.





President Harding was to go up the Ohio river by boat to Grant's birthplace. The local committee invited the public to go along at \$5 a ticket. The guards promptly vetoed the plan. Wisely, for the boat was so overloaded that a portion of the superstructure collapsed right over the chairs arranged for the presidential party.

At one time in his life the late President aspired to become an actor and win his spurs on the stage. The lure of the stage is like the "Lure of the North." Numbers are affected, but many are virtually frozen out. This theory was proven in the life of the late President.

Mr. O'Brien recalls what proved to be a prophetic decision by President Harding with relation to the Gridiron Club dinner. While in Alaska on the trip from which he did not return alive, Harding told the governor that he thought he had been made too much of at the dinners and that he was going to have Vice-President Coolidge attend them in his place thereafter. Coolidge, of course, went to the next club dinner as President.

Joe Mitchell Chapple said: "President Harding was the friend of Man. The White House in his time was the House by the Side of the Road. H. G. Wells once said that if Harding was a product of Main Street, what the world needs is more Main Streets.

Lord Riddell, the official British Press Delegate, at a series of international negotiations, beginning at the Peace Conference, at Versailles, wrote in his diary, afterwards given to the world: "When I visited Amer-





ica in 1921, I found President Harding a fine upstanding sort of American, with a clear mind, which enabled him to go to the heart of a subject."

Many a lad had his chance to see the World's Fair because of Warren Harding. In 1893, while visiting the World Fair, he was standing before Harrison Brown's painting, "Breaking the Home Ties." He was making comments to a man nearby. It was Harrison Brown himself.

A professor was always telling his students that he wished they were as smart as the boys he taught in Delaware College, especially in geometry. Harding remained in that night, studying into the morning hours. At recitation, on the next day, after being called on, he demonstrated one proposition after another, without an error. The amazed professor said, "that will do." "Is it as good as they do in Delaware," said Warren. "I think it is," replied the professor, and nothing more was heard of the boys in Delaware.

This story above was told in "The Life and Times of Warren G. Harding," by Joe Mitchell Chapple, who also interviewed the blacksmith, recording it as follows: "The anvil is silent in these days of garages and machine shops. The sturdy little round-shouldered blacksmith likes to sit around the shop and tells his interviewer 'these are the same sort of horseshoes that I used to make when Warren sat over there, growing up.' He pointed to pegs full of shoes, hanging on the wall and some lying in the iron sort heap. 'Yes he was a stripling boy for his age and early he learned to play quoits. I always said that Warren would have





good luck in life; he was so fond of horse-shoes. He talked about government affairs like a grown up, knew about Senators, Congressman, Legislators and President Hayes.' Behind the old man's steel-rimmed spectacles, his eyes shone with tears as he continued. 'And now he won't be here any more; wouldn't care about that if I could only know he was living down in Washington.' Here was the forge where young Harding watched the blacksmith swing the hammer and transform the hot iron. There were now two forges covered with ashes. 'Here is a shoe like the one made for that mule,' he said smilingly, taking a mule shoe from the wall. 'You know Warren rode on the white mule after the family moved to Marion. When he rode through Caledonia, we thought he had joined the Kalethumpians. ' "

President Harding saved the life of a huge, part-bred St. Bernard dog. The owner, Jacob Silverman, had been fined in accordance with a law that had been passed which affected Dick, the dog. A friend in Ohio wrote to Harding, who in turn, wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania, and the dog was restored to the delighted Silverman children.

#### PRESIDENT HARDING'S TRIBUTE TO HIS LITTLE DOG

*President Harding himself said that the best thing he ever wrote was a tribute following the death of a little Boston terrier, Hub, which he owned when he was editor of the Marion Star. Here it is:*

"Edgewood Hub in the register is a mark of his breeding; but to us just Hub, a little Boston terrier,





whose sentient eye mirrored the fidelity and devotion of his loyal heart. The veterinary said he was poisoned; perhaps he was, his mute suffering suggested it.

“One is reluctant to believe that a human being who claims man’s estate could be so hateful a coward as to ruthlessly torture and kill a trusting victim, made defenceless through his confidence in the human master, but there are such.

“One honest look from Hub’s trusting eyes was worth a hundred lying greetings from such inhuman beings, though they wear the habiliments of men.

“Perhaps you wouldn’t devote these lines to a dog. But Hub was a Star office visitor nearly every day of the six years in which he deepened attachment.

“He was a grateful and devoted dog, with a dozen lovable attributes, and it somehow voices the yearnings of broken companionship to pay his memory deserved tribute.

“It isn’t orthodox to ascribe a soul to a dog—if soul means immortality. But Hub was loving and loyal, with the jealousy that tests its quality.

“He was reverent, patient, faithful; he was sympathetic, more than humanly so sometimes, for no lure could be devised to call him from the sickbed of mistress or master.

“He minded his own affairs, especially worthy of human emulation, and he would kill nor wound no living thing.

“He was modest and submissive where these were becoming, yet he assumed a guardianship of the home





he sentineled, until entry was properly vouched.

“He couldn’t speak our language, through he somehow understood, but he could be, and was, eloquent with uttering eye and wagging tail, and the other expressions of knowing dogs.

“No, perhaps he has no soul, but in these things are the essence of soul and the spirit of lovable life.

“Whether the Creator planned it so or environment and human companionship have made it so, men may learn richly through the love and fidelity of a brave and devoted dog.

“Such loyalty might easily add lustre to a crown of immortality.”

Henry L. Stoddard, of the New York Evening Mail, was privileged to enjoy most of an afternoon and an informal lunch with President Harding on one of his last days in the White House. Not knowing that visitors were barred, Mr. Stoddard went to the Executive offices, to wish the President a pleasant journey, and a safe return. While conversing with Judson Wellover and Albert Lasker, President Harding happened to send out for Mr. Christian, who returned soon, to say that the President would like to see Mr. Stoddard. Mr. Stoddard was pleasantly surprised, and the President greeted him cordially, although he was showing lines of strain, in his face, and was without his usual, healthy color. The President had been revising the speeches he was to make in the west, and said, “You’re just the fellow I want to see. I’m tired of talking politics and of reading these proofs: I just want to talk newspaper shop. Let’s go to lunch and I’ll tell you





about the Marion Star and you tell me about the Evening Mail. George Harvey is here; we won't let him talk diplomacy; but if he wants to tell some newspaper yarn—why we'll hear what he has to say." Into the White House they went, Laddie boy following close to the President's heels. "You know, I believe that fellow knows that he's going to be permitted at the table, today," he remarked. It was a warm afternoon and they found George Harvey, Ambassador to St. James, dressed in summer linen, deep in a book. The President called to him, "come along, Mr. Ambassador, I've got some one here you can meet without putting on knee breeches. I'm sorry to tell both of you that I'm in the throes of one of the most distressing decisions I have ever had to make. I've signed the contract and the deed is done. I've sold the Marion Star. I don't want anything said publicly about it for a while." When asked why he sold the Star he said, "Well, I've thought it all out. If I were going back to Marion, to run the Star, I wouldn't sell the paper at any price. But I don't ever expect to be close to it again. I don't expect ever to go back to Marion. I've felt that I wanted to be owning the Star. It has always seemed to me that none else should, while I am still on earth. I have two years more. Some folks say I will have six years more. That means absentee ownership for a long time. I don't believe that is good for a newspaper. The editor should be always there to impress himself on the readers. I realize I can't be, so I've concluded to let go. From today, I'm out of the Newspaper business, but you're still in it. You've got a better job than mine."





Nearly seven years after the death of President Harding a portrait of the Post-war President was hung in the White House. It is three-quarter length, done in oil, by Louis Mora, a native of South America,—but a resident of the United States for years. President Harding is depicted, attired in a frock coat, seated in a chair.

President Harding's last days were shadowed with great mental anxiety over the betrayal of a few,—whom he had trusted. Books have been written about him for it would take more than one volume to do him justice. Some of his more important addresses have been preserved in the great Library, in Boston, and in other places. A eulogy was broadcasted by Calvin Coolidge, and Secretary Hughes delivered a memorial tribute February 28, 1924, before Congress.





## CHAPTER XX

### HARDING MEMORIAL DEDICATION

PRESIDENT Hoover delivered a fine address at the dedication of the Harding Memorial, June 16, 1931. Calvin Coolidge quoted Harding's own words just before his death. They were a part of his last public statement:

"We need less of sectarianism, less of denominationalism, less of fanatical zeal and its exactions, and more of the Christ spirit, more of the Christ practice, and a new and abiding consecration and reverence for God." We now realize the wisdom of the foundation which he laid.

At the last resting place of President Harding, there is a lone and sheltering willow tree in its roofless enclosure. President and Mrs. Harding each rest in a concrete vault beneath massive marble slabs in the center of the Georgian marble edifice. Forty-eight columns of marble, each representing a state, tower above the tomb.

The memorial is of Grecian architecture, circular in shape and was erected at a cost of \$800,000. Contributions for it were so extensive that it is entirely paid for and the Memorial Association has on hand \$175,000 for maintenance. It stands in a 10-acre tract along the Marion-Columbus highway, immediately adjoining the city's corporation line on the south.

The cornerstone was laid in 1926.



Blooming Grove, Ohio, the village of one hundred persons, where the late President Warren G. Harding was born, celebrated on August 20, 1935, the 100th anniversary of its founding by Solomon Harding. L. O. Harding, a second cousin of the late President, was general chairman. Other descendants of Mordecai Harding, first settler of the community, took part in the celebration.

A bronze tablet commemorating the centennial was dedicated.

### THE MARION STAR EDITORIAL

*The Marion Star, the paper owned for many years by President Harding, printed this editorial the day after its late editor's death.*

#### "GREATEST AND BEST BELOVED"

"President Harding is dead.

"This brief message, flashed around the globe, brought sorrow to the Nation and touched the tenderest sympathies of the liberty-loving people of every land. But here in Marion, where we knew and loved him as Harding, the man; Harding, the fellow-citizen; Harding, the neighbor, and Harding, the friend—rather than Harding, the President—the blackest grief obtains.

"Those who were close to him can hardly escape the feeling that it must have been given to him to have seen into the future, when, robust and the picture of health, he told them shortly before his inauguration that he would never come out of the Presidency alive. Those close to him know that, contrary to the general





view, he left the Senate with the deepest regret to enter the Presidency. Those close to him know that he realized that the burden he was about to assume was such as never attempted by mortal man, yet they hoped for the best. Now in sorrow they realize that he was a true prophet—that he knowingly gave himself a sacrifice to his country.

“And it may be said here that his great heart—which was alike his strength and his weakness—proved his undoing. Of all our Presidents, he was the most democratic at heart—the most approachable. He added to his already mighty burden by taking on those of others. No appeal, no matter how lowly, was passed over by him. He gave freely—too freely—of his time and effort. He never counted the cost nor spared himself. In this regard the course which was his as a citizen was his as the President. The load he was bearing became staggering, and this, and the fact that he was weakened by the attack of influenza some months since, and from which he never recovered, made him especially susceptible to the subtle attack of ptomaine poisoning which led to his death.

“Full appreciation of Warren G. Harding, the President, will not be written today—probably not in this generation—but posterity will weigh his achievements as President—and they have been many and great—at their full worth.

“But the measure of Warren G. Harding, the man, is today beyond all question. That he was a man among men, all will concede. None will question his bigness of heart, his greatness of soul. He thought and





lived above the little things of life, and yet was so thoroughly human that to know him was to love him, and thus it is that today, while the Nation mourns, our people are stunned by the passing of our citizen and friend—the greatest and best beloved.”

PRESIDENT HARDING

*'Twas not thy leadership in State  
Nor yet thy noble mind,  
'Twas not the vigor of thy pen  
Nor voice to aid mankind,  
'Twas not thy work as Nation's Chief  
In world affairs to do thy part—  
Whilst thou excelled in all of these,  
We loved thee for thy kindly heart.*

















